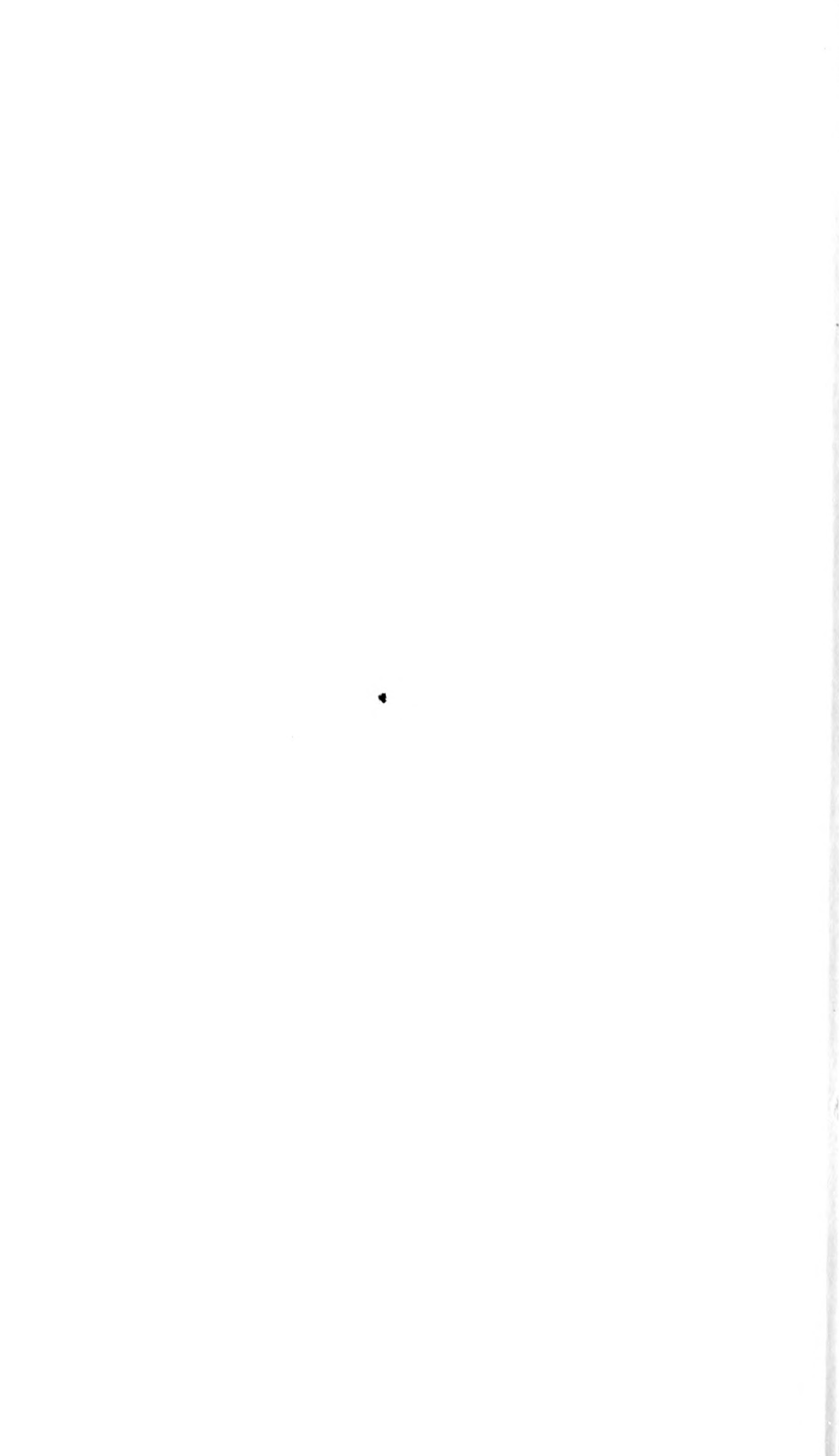
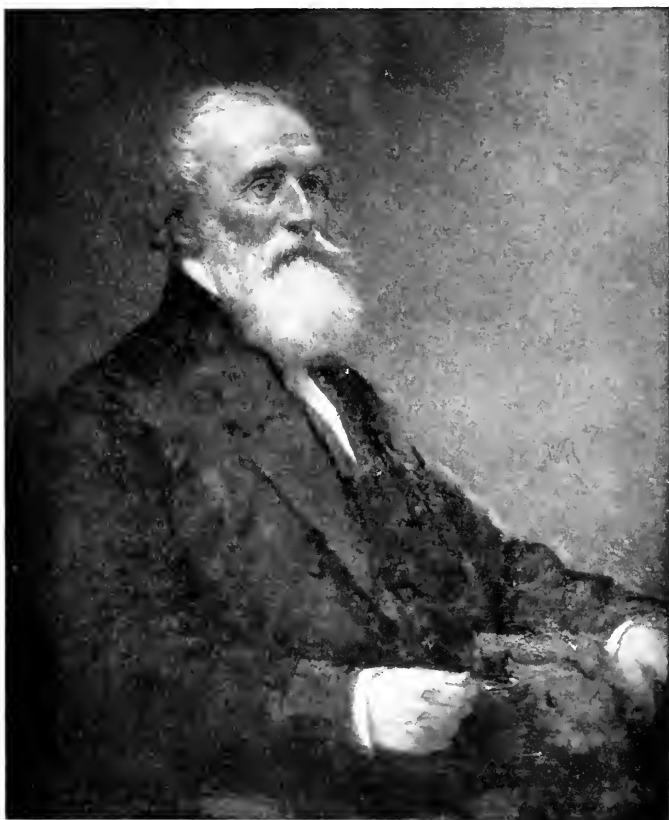


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AUGUSTINE HEARD

1785-1868

From a painting by William Morris Hunt

AUGUSTINE HEARD

AND

HIS FRIENDS

By THOMAS FRANKLIN WATERS

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1916

NEWCOMB & GAUSS
PRINTERS
Salem, Massachusetts

PREFACE.

The most precious and inspiring heritage of any community is the memory of the lives of the good and great men and women who were born there. Ipswich is particularly fortunate in her inheritance. Some of her citizens won high renown in the early days of the Colony as statesmen and soldiers; some have attained eminence in the learned professions or in mercantile life; many have left the impress of their strong, clean lives.

Singularly enough three sons of Ipswich of the finest eminence are scarcely known today, save their names and a few great deeds. Augustine Heard is remembered gratefully as the founder of the Public Library. Joseph Green Cogswell is known only as the teacher of the Round Hill School. Daniel Treadwell, whose generous bequest has secured to the Library an ample endowment, is only a name.

For many years, it has seemed to me a public misfortune that these men should have so little honorable recognition, and equally unfortunate that no way was open to secure to them their just due. Happily, by the kindness of the Heard family, the opportunity has been afforded me recently of making a careful study of their family papers. Such wealth of material was discovered that the hitherto unknown Augustine Heard stood forth an imposing figure, brave, winsome, generous, beloved and honored by the men of his own time, and worthy of the admiration of future generations.

Naught remained to me but to tell the story of this fine life, and to repeat the narratives of his two contemporaries. Forty years ago the "Life of Joseph Green Cogswell as Sketched in His Letters," by Anna Eliot Ticknor, daughter of George Ticknor, was printed by subscription and a small edition was distributed privately to his

friends. A copy of this work, which had been tucked away in a corner of the Library and long forgotten, supplemented by Thomas Wentworth Higginson's essay, "Gottingen and Harvard a Century Ago," in his "Carlyle's Laugh and other Surprises," and Thomas Gold Appleton's story of the Round Hill School, furnished material for the brief sketch of Mr. Cogswell.

The "Memoir of Daniel Treadwell," by his friend, Dr. Morrill Wyman, published in the "Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences," in 1888, afforded the welcome material for the third biographical paper. Dr. Wyman quoted freely from Prof. Treadwell's Autobiography. Though diligent search has been made in the Ipswich Library, and the Libraries of Harvard University and the Boston Atheneum, no trace of this document has been found, a matter of regret as it might have thrown more light on his boyhood and young manhood in the town of his birth.

The Trustees of the Ipswich Public Library, recognizing the publication of this book as a just and long deferred tribute to the founders, have generously provided the necessary funds.

I.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

In the last decade of the eighteenth century, a singularly interesting group of young lads was growing up in a quiet neighborhood of Ipswich, known familiarly as the "South Side." The most conspicuous family was that of Joseph Dana, Pastor of the South Church, who lived in the comfortable dwelling on the turn of the road.¹ He was a Yale graduate of 1760, a man of scholarly tastes, a writer of excellent hymns, fond of music, and so highly esteemed for his ministerial gifts that he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard in 1801. His wife was Mary, daughter of Daniel Staniford, who had taken his degree at Harvard in 1738, and taught the Grammar School before turning to mercantile life. He died in 1757, leaving a widow and seven young children, but within a year, the widow Mary Staniford became the wife of Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, Pastor of the First Church, and her sons and daughters grew to manhood and womanhood in the fine intellectual atmosphere of the Manse.

Three children came to the Dana household, Mary, Joseph and Daniel; and by a second marriage, another son, Samuel, and four daughters were added to the family circle. Mary became the wife of Major Thomas Burnham, a Harvard graduate of 1772, who left his school-room for a place in the Revolutionary army, and after the war continued his work as a pedagogue for many years.

Daniel inherited his father's literary tastes. He began Latin at eight and Greek at nine, and at twelve was read-

¹ Now owned and occupied by Mr. Frank T. Goodhue.

ing Seneca's *Morals* as a pastime. Under their father's instruction, Joseph and Daniel were fitted for advanced standing in Dartmouth, entering in the second term of the Sophomore year and graduating with honor in 1788. They kept a school for young ladies a while, but Daniel soon went to Exeter and taught two years in the Academy. Returning to Ipswich he was the teacher of the Grammar School, while studying divinity with his father. After a successful pastorate in Newburyport, he was elected President of Dartmouth College in 1820, but his delicate health was unequal to the strain, and he was obliged to resign after a few months. His resignation was accepted with great reluctance but his decision was made and after a period of rest he resumed his work in the ministry in Londonderry and Newburyport.¹ His brother Joseph was a college professor at Athens, Ohio. His younger brother, Samuel, was graduated at Harvard in 1796 and had a long and useful pastorate in Marblehead.

Dr. Dana received into his family a number of young men for preparation for the ministry. It was an inspiring group, enlivened by the keen wit of Sarah Dana, beautiful and brilliant, who became the wife of the merchant, Israel Thorndike, of Beverly, and the center of an admiring circle in Boston society. Abigail, Miss Nabby, as she was called, preserved the scholarly traditions of the family by teaching school in the upper northwest chamber. They were all fine musicians, and singing and merrymaking furnished welcome diversion from the sober hours of study.

Among the young students of divinity was Joseph McKean, son of William McKean and Sarah Manning, and grandson of Dr. Joseph Manning. He was born in Ipswich on April 19th, 1776, and very likely in his grandfather's house, as Mr. McKean seems to have had no residence here at the time. He was graduated from Harvard in 1794, taught the Grammar School two years in

¹ See *Life of Daniel Dana, D. D.*, by members of his family—1866.

the recently erected hip-roofed school-house, which then stood on the corner of County Road and Argilla Road, entered the ministry and while pastor in Milton, Mass., married Amy Swasey, daughter of Major Joseph Swasey of the Swasey Tavern. Failing health obliged him to resign his pastorate in 1803. He turned to legal studies, was elected to the Legislature from Boston, and apparently was drawn to a political career. He declined the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, which was tendered him by the Harvard Corporation in 1807, but in 1809, with health much restored, he accepted the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory. The College of New Jersey conferred the degree of S. T. D. in 1814; Alleghany College, the degree of L. L. D. in 1817.

Recurrence of ill health compelled a voyage to the West Indies, but he sank rapidly and died at Havana on March 17, 1818 in his forty-second year. He founded the Porcellian Club at Harvard in 1791, and an imposing gate, the McKean Gate, has been erected by the Club as a memorial of his worth. His portrait hangs in the parlor of the House of the Historical Society, bearing the inscription: *Vir celeberrimus, optimus, carissimus.*

The old Crompton Inn stood in the fine open field, opposite the Heard mansion. It was a noted hostelry in its day, and Judge Sewall frequently tarried there. The savour of its good cheer still abides in his note in his diary, "ate roast fowl at Crompton's." It was owned and occupied afterward by Col. John Choate, soldier at Louisbourg, a prominent leader in the Land Bank controversy, and Judge of the Sessions Court. The stone bridge, built in 1764, was named in his honor. Hon. Stephen Choate succeeded in the ownership and his son, Amos, was another member of the group who attained honor and usefulness. He was a Harvard graduate of 1795, a teacher of the Grammar School, and Register of Deeds of Essex County for many years.

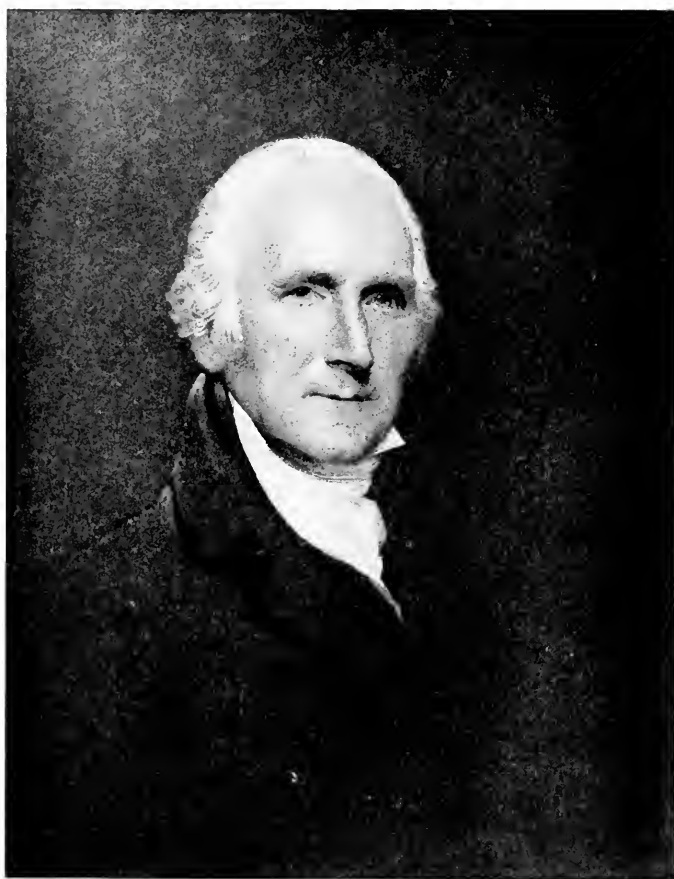
Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll made his home in the gam-

breel roofed house, next north of the Savings Bank, where his son, Jonathan, Jr., was born in 1776. He completed his course at Harvard in the summer of 1798, and was appointed an instructor, but his promising career was cut off by death within a few months.

Joseph Cogswell, the son of Francis Cogswell and Anstice Manning, the sister of Mrs. McKean, was born on the 27th of September, 1786. His grandfather, Dr. Joseph Manning, died on May 8th, 1784, and bequeathed the homestead¹ to his daughter, Mrs. Cogswell. It became the home of the Cogswells and Joseph was born, no doubt, under its roof. Daniel Treadwell, the son of Capt. Jabez Treadwell and his wife, Elizabeth Dodge, was born on October 10th, 1791, in their homestead² on the way to "Old England." Augustine, son of John and Sally Heard, was born on March 30th, 1785. These three boys lived near each other, played together, went to school together and died within four years of each other, each having attained more than four score years. One of them had a brilliant career as mariner and merchant, one won high renown in scholastic pursuits, one became a distinguished inventor and Rumford Professor at Harvard. Two of them joined in a benefaction to their native town of perpetual and immeasurable value. Mr. Heard never married, and neither of the others left any heir. Their lives deserve remembrance because of their pure and high purpose, their zealous endeavor after noble ends, their great and enduring contributions to the welfare of posterity.

¹ On the site now occupied by the residence of Mr. Ernest E. Currier.

² Near the site of the residence of the late Ephraim Fellows, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Charles Smith.



JOHN HEARD

1744-1834

From an original portrait by Stuart

II.

AUGUSTINE HEARD.

It rarely happens that in a single family the account books, memoranda of passing events, personal and business correspondence of a hundred years are preserved, and it is yet more rare that such a long and continuous record happens in the case of lives that are in themselves noteworthy. Fortunately, John Heard, the father of Augustine, was a large figure in our Town and County life for many years. He was a representative merchant who pursued the methods of business that were common in his day. He had large dealings with the West Indies and China. His family ties connected him with many of his townsmen. His immediate family was very interesting. For many years his home was the modest dwelling which was removed¹ about the end of the century when he built the fine mansion, still occupied by his descendants.

He married Elizabeth Ann Story, daughter of William Story, Esq., in October, 1766.

Joanna was born June 21, 1768.

Elizabeth was born Feb. 16, 1771; died April, 1771.

Elizabeth was born May 15, 1772; died July 6, 1773.

Mary was born May 27, 1773; died Oct. 9, 1795.

John was born Jan. 12, 1775.

The mother died on June 26, 1775, five months after baby John was born. Mr. Heard married on Feb. 9, 1777, Sally Staniford, a younger sister of Mary, the wife of Dr. Dana.

Their children were:

Daniel Staniford, born Dec. 3, 1778.

Sally, born Aug. 3, 1780; died May 22, 1801.

¹ The Caldwell homestead for many years, near the Cogswell School House.

Elizabeth, born March 26, 1782; died June 20, 1805.

Margaret or Peggy, born Aug. 26, 1783.

Augustine, born March 30, 1785.

Charles, born Dec. 28, 1786.

Hannah Staniford, born June 3, 1789.

Mary, born July 24, 1796.

Mrs. Heard died on the 12th of September, following the birth of Mary, named for the elder Mary, who had died on Oct. 9, 1795. Martha Staniford, a younger sister of Mrs. Heard, apparently came into the family to care for the little ones and remained there all her life.

William Story owned the distillery on Turkey Shore, and Mr. Heard was probably associated with him, as he bought a half interest in 1770, and eventually became sole owner. The business was profitable and was an important industrial asset of the town. A considerable fleet of square riggers and schooners sailed regularly from Ipswich to the West Indies, carrying out cargoes of lumber and fish, principally, and returning with molasses for the distillery, sugar, coffee and delicacies for the use of the town.

During the Revolution, Mr. Heard bought the interest of many of the Ipswich sailors, who belonged to the crews of the privateers which fitted from Salem, Newburyport and Gloucester. He contributed toward the outfit of the "General Stark" of Gloucester and armed and equipped his own brig "John." He shared in the general prosperity which attended the revival of commerce after the Revolution and owned under his own name, or with Capt. Ephraim Kendall and Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, his business associates, a large fleet which sailed to Maryland and Virginia with trading ventures as well as to the West Indian ports.

He served as Coroner for many years and was actively interested in the heated political campaigns in the early years of the nineteenth century. He was elected State Senator in 1803, succeeding his neighbor, Hon. Stephen Choate; was appointed a Session Justice of the Circuit

Court of Common Pleas, which performed the functions of the later Board of County Commissioners, in 1814, and Chief Justice in 1819. He was chosen a Presidential Elector in 1820 and was a delegate to the Convention for revising the Constitution.

Beyond question, he was a broad-minded, strong-minded man. He shared the enthusiasm for education, which his wife, Sally Staniford, presumably brought into the home. Young John was sent to school to John Hart when he was six years old, an unusual privilege, as small children generally went to the dame schools. Joanna enjoyed the advantages of Madame Rogers's school for young ladies, which had considerable repute in its day. It was kept in her house, which stood on the site now occupied by the meeting house of the South church. Mary, or Polly, as she was called, received instruction in music by George Stacey in the year 1784. It was a home of refinement to which young men of culture were naturally attracted and in due time, in 1788, Joanna became the wife of Asa Andrews, a young lawyer of the Harvard class of 1783, who had established a practice here and bought the house¹ by the Mill dam in 1794. Hannah Staniford married Prof. Sidney Willard of Harvard in 1729, and Margaret married Dr. Thomas Manning in 1807.

From the year 1788 when the Danas came home with their Dartmouth degrees, the homes of the neighborhood were aglow with a fine enthusiasm for the highest education. The record is really remarkable. Joseph McKean completed his course in 1794 and John Heard, the oldest son, and Amos Choate took their degrees in 1795. Samuel Dana was graduated from Harvard in 1796, Jonathan Ingersoll and Nathaniel Lord, Jr., in 1798, Levi Frisbee, son of the Pastor of the First Church, in 1802, Joseph Cogswell in 1806, and in 1810, John Dudley and Edward, sons of Asa and Joanna Andrews, and Joseph Swasey Farley, son of Jabez and

¹ Now owned and occupied by Mr. Clark O. Abel.

grandson of Major Joseph Swasey of the Swasey Tavern, completed their studies at Harvard. George Washington Heard, the youngest son, was graduated in 1812, and John Heard Manning, son of Dr. Thomas and Margaret in 1832.

Daniel Treadwell was a neighbor and friend. The Danas and Heards were cousins and the two families were much together. As school mates and college mates all these bright and promising lads were welcome guests in the great rooms of the Heard mansion. In later years the young Andrewses and Mannings came to their grandfather's. Thus for many years this remarkably brilliant company of young people brought life and gaiety into this home.

Mr. Heard's deep and generous interest in educational affairs led him to many kindly offices. He paid all the bills of a nephew in Dartmouth and a poor theological student at Bangor. He was an annual subscriber to the Society for Promoting Theological Education in Harvard and to the American Society for Educating Pious Youth. He was one of the proprietors of Ipswich Academy. In accordance with the wish of his friend and neighbor, Francis Cogswell, he became the guardian of his sons, Francis and Joseph. He encouraged his sons to choose professional careers. John became a lawyer and George completed a course in medicine with Dr. Jackson and Dr. Manning and received his degree of M. D. in 1815 though he never practised as a physician. There can be no doubt that he would have been glad to send his other sons, Daniel Staniford and Augustine to college, had their minds so inclined. He died on Aug. 11, 1834 at the great age of ninety.

Daniel Heard chose a mercantile life, influenced no doubt by his father's long and prosperous career, and his own acquaintance from boyhood with shipping and commerce. He was already engaged in shipping ventures from Boston in 1795, when he was only seventeen years old, under the firm name of Frankford and Heard. In

that year they made a modest "venture" of \$150 in merchandise in the brig "Elizabeth" on a voyage to Esse-qui-bo. Other small ventures followed in brigs and schooners sailing to Demerara, Surinam and other ports. In Jan. 1801 he sailed as super-cargo of the ship Ganges on a voyage to India and China, taking with him three kegs of Spanish dollars, containing \$4260. His father, Mr. John Heard, advanced \$1800, his uncle, Dr. Josiah Smith, \$1000; the balance was ventured by himself, his brother John and other relatives. By an understanding with the owners, he left the "Ganges" and took passage on the "Arab", Capt. Timothy Bryant, at the Cape of Good Hope. He became ill at Calcutta and died at Canton. Capt. Bryant wrote the sad news of his death and that a stone had been erected over his grave at Whampoa, with the inscription: "Here lies the body of Daniel S. Heard, late Super-Cargo of the American ship Arab of Boston. He died on the 13th of December, 1801. Aet. 23."

At this time, Augustine Heard was a student at Phillips Academy, Exeter, where he was entered in 1799, at the age of fourteen. We can imagine that he studied penmanship and bookkeeping, for his handwriting to the end of his life was beautifully clear and delicate, and his business accounts were marvels of neatness. He inherited from his father a methodical carefulness in the preservation of letters and documents. For more than sixty years he filed his letters in bundles, each bearing the date, name of writer, and a frequent catch word indicating the contents. His log-books and journals of voyages, with copies of his own and his owner's letters, his invoices, and accounts of sales and purchases, were carefully preserved. His voluminous correspondence, as a member of the great firm of Russell & Co., and then as head of the house of Augustine Heard & Co., was filed with the same method. Thus, unconscious of the value of his methodical routine, he preserved the record of his long and busy life, the chronicles of his sea-faring, his mercantile career, his friendships, his joys and griefs, and his gener-

ous gifts. Yet he was the most modest of men. He made no record of heroic deeds and masterful leadership of which we know in part only by the letters and remembrance of others, and much that he preserved he would have destroyed if he had thought that it would ever be open to the eye of a kindly seeker after the forgotten things and the secret things of a noble life, which are too fine to be allowed to sink into oblivion.

A letter from Mr. Ebenezer Francis, one of the principal merchants of Boston, to Augustine, dated August 14, 1803, shows that he was then in his employ. Two years later his business ability was so well developed that his employer sent him to sea as super-cargo. He was only twenty years old, but Mr. Francis had perfect confidence in his competence for the task. In those days, a super-cargo was a business agent, or clerk to the captain, to whom was entrusted the selling of the cargo and the purchase of goods for the return shipment. However full the instructions, which were given him by the owner, during a four or five months' voyage to Calcutta or Canton, new and unexpected conditions might arise in the market. When he sailed, the latest advices as to prices, etc., were several months old, and when he arrived in the distant ports of India or China, his market quotations were nearly a year behind. The super-cargo, acting with the captain, was obliged to use his own judgment, therefore, as to the disposition of the goods in the ship and the selection and purchase of the return cargo, which would net the best prospective gain to the owners. If the ship arrived at the home port when there was a ready market for her valuable cargo, and it was sold at a good profit, the reputation of the super-cargo as a skilfull trader and buyer was enhanced. If the market was depressed, or the goods proved unsalable, his ability was called in question. Thus there was a large element of uncertainty which can hardly be realized today when the market conditions of the whole world are reported daily by telegraph in every great commercial center, and the merchant and

his agent in a foreign land are in as close touch as Boston and New York.

The instructions of Mr. Francis show the responsibility which was put upon the young super-cargo.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1805.

Mr. Augustine Heard,

Sir: Enclosed you have invoice and bill lading for ninety-five pecolls of pepper shipt on board the ship "Eliza," Capt. Charles Smith, bound for Leghorn and consigned to you, being on our joint account and risk.

In case you go on to India in any Vessell, you will take my part of the proceeds of this pepper with you and invest the same for my account—should you return to this country direct, bring the proceeds in opium or some other valuable goods that you think may produce a profit.

In case you go on to Calcutta in the "Hector" your privilege will be more than you will have funds to fill up with advantage. I authorize you to draw on me at 30 or 60 days sight for any sum not exceeding \$5000, provided you can obtain Dollars at or under five per cent. advance.

Your friend and well-wisher,

Eben Francis.

The super-cargo was allowed a small commission on his sales and purchases, and had the privilege of a certain number of tons, which he might utilize with his own venture. The allusion to this privilege in the letter of instructions reveals the merchant's liberal dealing with his young friend.

The ship "Eliza" is probably identical with the Ipswich ship of the same name, owned by the Treadwells and afterwards in charge of Capt. Moses Treadwell which was at Leghorn and other Mediterranean ports in 1807 and the following years, and a little of the home feeling attached to the good ship in which he made his first voyage. Mr. Heard's memoranda of his voyages shows that he left the "Eliza" at Leghorn and sailed for Calcutta in the brig "Hector."

He was at home in the early spring of 1807. In March his brother, Charles, wrote Augustine that Mr. Thorndike, a wealthy Beverly merchant, wished him to go as super-

cargo to Leghorn. He accepted the offer and sailed from Beverly for Smyrna on Monday, March 30, 1807, in the "Betsy," a small topsail schooner of 72 tons, of which he was super-cargo. It was rather a critical time for a Mediterranean voyage. Spain, driven to desperation by Napoleon's courses, was about declaring war against France. England was ready to aid Spain in the struggle with her foe. Commerce was sadly disturbed.

Heavy gales burst upon the little craft and on the second day out the foremast was found to be sprung and repairs were necessary. Arriving in the Mediterranean, at 8 o'clock in the morning of May 4th, they were boarded by H. M. Sloop "Serret", and forbidden to go or trade from one port to another of France, Spain and their allies. At 10 A. M. two Spanish privateers boarded and overhauled the ship's papers and seized some rigging and other small articles. On the following day another Spanish privateer was met and on May 10th, an English frigate overhauled them, but allowed them to proceed.

Young Heard disposed of his cargo at Leghorn and sailed for home July 8th. The American frigate "Constitution" was spoken on July 15; on July 16th they were brought to by two shots from a Lateen boat under English colors and obliged to lower a boat and carry two casks of water to the privateer. The vessel sprung a leak and four feet of water was found in the hold. Their meagre sea diet was enriched by a fine store of cod fish and halibut, which were caught on the Grand Banks, a friendly fisherman giving them sufficient salt to save their fish. They arrived in Beverly on Sunday, October 11th.

Two months later, Dec. 1807, Mr. Heard sailed as joint super-cargo of the ship "William," Capt. Noah Emery, bound for Calcutta, in the employ of Mr. Pickering Dodge of Salem, and arrived home in Nov., 1808. He sailed again in the ship "William" in April, 1809 on a voyage to Canton. In June, 1810, he sailed as super-cargo in the brig "Caravan" owned by Pickering Dodge of Salem, James Gilchrist, master, for Calcutta. In the kegs of

specie on this voyage, Wm. Gray, known commonly as "Billy Gray," shipped \$10,000. Mr. John Heard, father of Augustine, shipped \$4000, his brother John \$2209; Moses Treadwell \$1100; Captain Ephraim Kendall \$500 and Richard Lakeman \$400. Upon the return of the "Caravan," Nov. 30, 1811, Mr. Dodge appointed Mr. Heard master and super-cargo of the same vessel for a second voyage to Calcutta. This proved to be, perhaps, the most eventful and memorable of all his voyages. It was his first experience as master of a large ship and super-cargo as well. Apart from the valuable cargo entrusted to his care, his treasure chest contained in specie and bills of exchange some \$40,000 and the cargo was valued at the same figure. Salem and Boston merchants sent large sums, his father and brother \$2000 each. Capt. Ammi R. Smith, Dr. Thomas Manning, Capt. Moses Treadwell, Miss R. Kendall, Capt. Richard Lakeman, M. Staniford, presumably his aunt Martha, made smaller ventures. He was laden with commissions from friends to buy cashmere and camel's hair shawls, two large "Palampons" for the covering of a large bed, a netting covering for a field bed top, and three of the Francis children gave him a dollar each for investment. Nothing could afford surer evidence of his genial and kindly disposition than his attention to these trifles.

But the memorable incident of this voyage is the fact that he took with him as passengers the famous missionaries, Rev. Adoniram Judson and Rev. Samuel Newell and their wives. Judson and Newell, Samuel Nott, Gordon Hall and Luther Rice, had been ordained as ministers and missionaries, the first sent by the Congregational churches of America, with solemn and impressive exercises, at the old Tabernacle meeting house in Salem on Feb. 6, 1812. The addition of two ministers and their wives to the ship's company meant not only a very inconvenient overcrowding of the cabin, but a possible check upon the free life on ship-board by the extreme odor of sanctity. The bluff young captain, now twenty-seven

years old, and his officers, may have faced the prospect of a four months' passage under such conditions with mild dismay. The decks were laden with hen coops and hog pens and their provender, that necessary fresh food might be provided for the cabin table. The fussy details of the owner's final letter are very amusing.

—the yellow corn is for the fowls, the old white corn for the hogs. . . . [The missionaries] are to dine in the cabin. I hope you will find them pleasant companions, give a fresh dish once a week or oftener, if practicable, and puddings, rice, etc.; be as careful as possible of the water, as your ship's company is large and considerable live stock to subsist, but hope you will be fortunate enough to catch some near the line, avoid speaking any Vessel on your outward or homeward passages.

Your friend,

Pickering Dodge.

The war of 1812 seemed inevitable though hostilities had not begun. The return passage with a cargo of sugar, gums and drugs and Indian fabrics, was likely to be attended with much risk. Mr. Dodge instructed the captain:—

Proceed with return cargo to Pernambuco and sell if you can get good prices, then clear for Gothenburg where you will find additional orders from me. I allow you sailing the brig and transacting all business, 2 per cent. on sales of goods you carry out, and 2 per cent. on amount invested in Calcutta with \$22 a month as sailing master and six tons privilege.

The "Caravan" sailed on Tuesday, Feb. 18th, 1812. A great company gathered on the wharf and engaged in solemn religious services, bidding the missionaries and sailors "God-speed" as the sails were loosed and the ship moved slowly into the stream. Peculiar pathos attached to the departure of Mrs. Newell, a girl bride who was only eighteen years and four months old on the day she sailed, and as the event proved, was never to see home and friends again.

She kept a journal on the voyage which abounds in interesting details. She passed the first week at sea in her berth, the victim of sea-sickness. On Feb 24th, the brig sprung a leak, so serious that the pumps could not free her and Captain Heard felt that the danger of sinking was so great that he frankly told his passengers that only the hand of Providence could save them. He altered his course and made for St. Jago but happily, when the sailors were nearly exhausted, the leak was discovered and stopped and the course was resumed. Services of worship were conducted in the cabin on Sunday mornings at which the missionaries preached. "The captain and officers favor us with attendance."

On March 11th, with a favorable wind, she notes that the ship was making nearly seven miles an hour. Her sea appetite gave relish to the plain sea fare.

March 14. We have occasionally flour bread, nuts, apple puddings, apple pies, baked and stewed beans twice a week, fowls, hams, etc. I have been agreeably disappointed respecting our manner of living at sea, though we are not free from inconvenience by any means.

A singularly exasperating experience occurred on March 17th. A vessel passed so near that the men could be seen on the decks and the letters could have been sent home easily. But the captain had received orders not even to speak another ship and he kept the letter of his commands. The coffee and tea without milk remained unpalatable on March 23d, but the water-porridge night and morning and the occasional chocolate were very agreeable. By the kindness of the captain a little piece of the gangway was taken into her state room making it more comfortable, but there were frequent floodings in heavy seas and much labor at the pumps. "An old, leaky vessel," she writes with spirit on May 8th. Precious stores of preserves and other delicacies had been taken from home, but the sweet meats moulded. In May the ginger bread, made by the Salem ladies, experienced in providing for such voyages, still remained good, but Mr.

Pearson's crackers were her chief joy. At last, on June 12th, after "nothing but sky and water for 114 days (?), we, this morning, heard the joyful exclamation of 'land, land!'"

The "Caravan" arrived at Calcutta on June 12th, after a passage of a hundred and fifteen days. Captain Heard's letter to the owner on July 13th informed him that the scarcity of money and fear of an American war, combined with other circumstances to render it for the present totally impracticable to negotiate bills on any terms whatever. The cargo was found to be in poor condition and sales were effected with great difficulty.

I have now to inform you that I am ordered by Govt. to carry the missionary passengers, who came out in the "Caravan" back to America, and a port clearance will not be granted until I have given security to that effect.

A week after their arrival, Mr. Judson and his associates, hoping apparently that the harsh refusal of the British authorities to allow them to land would soon be recalled, addressed a letter of thanks to the captain.

Calcutta 19th, June, 1812.

Capt. A. Heard.

Dear Sir: We cannot leave you without expressing our gratitude to you for the unremitting kindness and polite attentions which you have shown us during our passage from Salem to this place.

We are sensible that you have done everything in your power to make us comfortable and happy, even at the expense of your own convenience.

We wish that we could make some suitable return for your goodness, but as this [is] far out of our power we can only express our feelings. I assure you, dear sir, of our most grateful and affectionate remembrance and our earnest desires and prayers for your safe return and for your prosperity and happiness.

Adoniram Judson, Nancy Judson,
Samuel Newell, Harriet Newell.

The missionaries were still his prospective guests on July 14th when he wrote to his father:

Our Christian missionaries do not meet with a very favorable reception, being ordered by the government to return to America in the same vessel that they came in—so that I am in a fair way of having the benefit and pleasure of their company for another passage.

Another letter to his father, dated Sept. 1st, contains a pleasant allusion to them.

Our Missionary passengers have obtained permission to proceed to the Isle of France, instead of going to America, which will deprive me of the pleasure of their society on my homeward passage.

Notwithstanding these very agreeable personal relations, the Captain's plans for departure were seriously embarrassed by the presence of the missionaries, and with evident relief he wrote to Mr. Dodge on Sept. 5th:

I have the pleasure to inform you that after repeated applications by our missionary passengers and their friends belonging to Serampore, they have obtained permission to proceed to the Isle of France, provided they do it without delay. Mr. Newhall and wife have already gone and Mr. Judson follows shortly; we shall now be allowed port clearance, unembarrassed by the evils with which we have been threatened.

Mrs. Newell died at the Isle of France on Nov. 30th, 1812, at the age of nineteen years, one month and twenty days. The whole Christian world grieved over her untimely decease. A sketch of the life of Harriet Atwood Newell, with her journal and letters and memorial sermons, was prepared by Prof. Leonard Woods of Andover. Fifty years ago it was still found on the parlor tables of multitudes of New England homes and the name of Captain Augustine Heard became a household word.

Availing himself of the latitude of his instructions, Captain Heard made port at San Salvador, now known

usually as Bahia on the Brazil coast. He wrote from Pernambuco on June 16th, 1814, to his brother John, informing him of his arrival there three months before.

On arrival at St. Salvador, being disappointed in my expectations, I embarked for Rio de Janeiro; in both places and on my passage I passed upward of four months. . . . The news of your embargo has prevented me from procuring passage . . . so fearful of taking an American passenger or anything that belongs to one.

The disappointments and difficulties that he alludes to so lightly were very serious matters. Rather than risk capture by a British man-of-war, he sold the "Caravan" at San Salvador, but arranged for the trans-shipment of a portion of the cargo at least to Pernambuco. Some very interesting details of his experiences are related by Capt. R. B. Forbes,¹ a friend of many years, as he had heard them from Captain Heard's own lips.

When hard pushed to give some of his experiences with pirates or slavers the best we could ever extract from Captain Heard was the story of his passage along the coast of Brazil in a slaver during our last war with Great Britain.

Having made an outport of Brazil, with little chance of getting safely home through the line of English cruisers, he had sold his ship and cargo and waited a long time in vain for a chance to reach Boston. At last an African slaver with a full living cargo put in for water and Captain Heard, in despair of anything better, put on his shabbiest clothes and in the guise of a shipwrecked mariner went on board and drove the hardest possible bargain for his passage to the nearest considerable sea-port. Taking what good bills on London he could buy, he was still obliged to carry with him a large sum in gold, and his hardihood and ingenuity were put to a severe test in getting his heavy sea chest hoisted up and lifted with his own hands to a bunk in the corner of the quarter deck, where he slept upon it.

His courage and stoicism were tried to their utmost by the sights and sounds which haunted him from the cargo

¹ Personal Reminiscences. Second Edition. Boston, 1882; p. 397.

of living and dying wretches around him; but this at last came to an end, and he told with much glee how, when he had his heavy trunk safely deposited in the office of the American consul at Rio Janeiro he called the captain of the slaver in to pay his scanty passage-money and, throwing the chest open, displayed its contents and paid the few coins out of its abundance which he had bargained for. The man's eyes opened wide, for as Captain Heard well knew when he embarked, a hundredth part of the contents would have tempted the scoundrel to cut his throat and throw him overboard.

In his memorandum of voyages, Captain Heard simply mentions "the brig *Henrietta*, Portugese to Brazil, returned in 1815 in the brig *Pilot* to Philadelphia." He arrived in Philadelphia in late August, having been gone two years and eight months, during a considerable portion of which his family and business associates had known almost nothing of his whereabouts or the result of their financial ventures. The owner of the vessel, Mr. Pickering Dodge, commended his course under such trying circumstances and some of the heaviest consignees were greatly pleased. Two of them, however, Simon Forrester of Salem, and the widow of Capt. Emery had brought suit for recovery of damages, Forrester suing Mr. Dodge for \$15,000 costs and damages and Mrs. Emery bringing suit against Captain Heard. This had been decided in her favor, but on appeal the higher court reversed the decision. Forrester was non-suited as well. Mr. Francis, his old employer and constant friend, wrote to him:

The suit of Mrs. Emery and Forrester was determined in your favor at Salem Court, and I am happy to say that not only the Court and jury justified you in law and equity, but every other honest, judicious person that heard the trial.

The winter of 1815 was passed at home but in the following spring the lure of the sea was too strong and he sailed as super-cargo of the brig "*Hindu*," Capt. David

D. Pulcifer, on May 8, 1816, for Calcutta. He owned a quarter of the ship. The son of Peter C. Brooks, the Boston merchant, sailed as passenger to assist and learn the business. Mr. Brooks shipped thirteen boxes, containing 26,000 silver dollars, with the very complimentary letter:

Boston, Dec. 26, 1815.

Dear Sir: In the directing I have formerly given to super-cargoes I have generally referred them to the orders of some other shippers on whose judgment I could depend; but in this instance from the great confidence I have in you I have concluded to leave it wholly to yourself and have only to request that you will lay out the money in such goods as you think will afford the greatest profit.

. . . My son, who takes passage with you, will have a particular interest in one invoice of \$20,000.

It gives me great pleasure that my son is making this long voyage with gentlemen, in whom I have so much confidence as yourself and Capt. Pulcifer.

Your friend,

P. C. Brooks.

Mr. Francis shipped \$10,000, Patrick T. Jackson, \$18,000, Robert and John Hooper, \$10,000, John Heard, Jr., \$3500, George W. Heard, \$2000. The specie shipments amounted to \$131,000. The passage was made in 129 days.

Captain Heard acquired a quarter interest in the brig "Phoenix" and sailed from Boston for Rio Janeiro Sept. 28, 1818. He was master and super-cargo and took out 800 barrels of flour and 15 thousand ft. of pine boards, and returned with a cargo of coffee and hides to the same consignees, Mr. Francis, Mr. Wigglesworth and others. He arrived in Boston on March 3d, 1819, and sailed again on April 1st for Gibraltar, where the coffee was discharged. Loaded with wine, the "Phoenix" sailed for Rio Janeiro, where she arrived on August 3d, and sailed Sept. 27th, 1819 in ballast for Calcutta and loaded for Boston, where she arrived on June 30th, 1820.

His next voyage was in the brig "Gov. Endicott," Pickering Dodge, owner, of which he was captain and supercargo. His constant following of the hard life of the sailor was now bringing him substantial returns, and his reputation for skilful selling and buying made his services in demand by the foremost merchants of Boston. Nathan Appleton shipped \$4000 in his care, William Appleton, \$5000, William Lawrence, \$3000, Robert G. Shaw, \$3000. When he made up his cargo at Calcutta, he had purchased goods on his own account to the value of \$20,000, Nankeens, Pongees, Crepes, Damask Crepe dresses, shawls and scarfs, and he shipped as well on the ship "Arab," Isaiah Lewis, master, another invoice of \$11,000, including blue and white dining sets, and stone ware, lacquered tea-caddies, sugar and tea. Singular interest attaches to Captain Heard's shipment by the "Arab." That good ship was built in the old shipyard now included in the Doctor Tucker lot in the year 1818 by William Dodge, a prosperous Ipswich merchant and ship owner. His old account book contains the full particulars of his hiring his "boss" shipbuilder from Medford, his repeated trips to the Linebrook woods for the finest oaks for keel-piece, knees and planks, his purchase of timber from many of the farms, and his hiring of the Ipswich shipcarpenters. Captain Isaiah Lewis sailed in command of the new ship, leaving his son in Ipswich in Mr. Dodge's care, for schooling in the Grammar school under Amos Choate. On his return, Captain Heard shipped a large invoice of his India goods on the schooner "Sarah," commanded by John Holmes Harris, a well known Ipswich mariner, to be sold at Curacoa, and other invoices were sent to Genoa.

Some of the finest ships in the East India trade were now at Captain Heard's disposal. On May 3d, 1823, he sailed from Salem in Pickering Dodge's ship, "Bengal," having as passengers, Edward Hale, Esq., Secretary to Lord Amherst, Governor-General of India, Mr. Charles Mellis, Mrs. and Miss Van Schellenbeck, and a little girl

of the same family.¹ On July 26, 1824, he left Boston on a voyage to Canton in the ship "Packet," having a twelfth interest in ship and cargo. His log-book relates some unusual incidents in the voyage. Under Oct 8th he entered, "came near taking *my* departure from the M. chains in a heavy lee lurch." His long entry under December 5th describes the routine sea diet and the outbreak of sickness.

Within the last 10 days two cases of scurvy have occurred on board. In the course of 10 voyages round the Cape of Good Hope, this is the first instance of this disease that I have ever seen; our living has been as good as I have ever known it on board ship. The people have been allowed puddings twice a week, beans twice a week and a fresh mess once a week (till now, when our stock is exhausted), they have been allowed three quarts of water, grog once a day, and as much vinegar as they wished and they have been kept all hands the whole of the passage, excepting where we have been in with the land. There has been a windsail down the forecabin during all the warm weather, the hatches have been off every day when the weather would permit, and from 30 to 100 buckets of water have been put down one of the pumps every day and pumped out after remaining 24 hours. It is true we have lacked fresh vegetables, which could not be procured at the time of year that we left home. For a week I have been administering nitre and vinegar, according to Thomas's directions, but so far it has not been so effectual as I anticipated. The ship anchored in Macao Roads December 24th. We have now only three hands among a crew of 13 that are not affected with scurvy more or less. Two of them in a bad state. Distance sailed, 19,030 miles from Boston.

On the return voyage the monotony of sea-life was broken by overhauling his former ship, the "Bengal," Captain Gale, from Calcutta, and sending a boat aboard. In Boston bay, on July 4th, in fog and heavy squalls, the ship barely cleared the Scituate shore, being laid nearly on her beam-ends by the sail the captain put upon her. After a year at home, perhaps the longest interval of home life since he began his sea-faring, he took command of the

¹ The Salem Gazette, May 6, 1823.

"Packet" again in July, 1826, for a voyage to Genoa to dispose of a cargo of pepper.

The "Emerald," Amethyst" and "Topaz" were built for a packet line between Boston and Liverpool, with accommodations for passengers. As larger ships were needed for the increased ocean travel, these were utilized in the East India trade. The "Topaz" had been taken by pirates who swarmed in the China seas, looted and burnt. As these ships invariably carried more than a hundred thousand dollars in specie, beside the valuable cargo, they were a rich prize, and the freebooters in their swift vessels, manned with great crews, cruised in the track of the India ships and frequently murdered the crews and destroyed the ships. The command of the "Emerald" was offered Capt. Heard by William Appleton, the managing owner. Her speed, her superior cabin accommodations, her armament, rendered necessary for self-defense, her tall spars and painted ports, rendered her very attractive to merchants desiring safe and quick conveyance for their goods, and to those whose business affairs called them to Calcutta. The command of such a ship raised a captain to the highest pinnacle of his profession¹. The "Emerald" sailed in the middle of June, 1827, with passengers and above \$140,000 in specie, sent by a score of Boston merchants. She made her passage in 98 days to the Sand Heads and 105 to the city of Calcutta. Capt. Heard wrote the owners:

The "Emerald" deserves the high character she bears although I do not know that she sails much faster than the "Packet"—upon a wind she certainly does not.

The ship's M. T. sail was never reef'd but one day . . . from the time of our leaving Boston to our arrival here. Our passengers were quiet and peaceable, though not as well-bred as could be desired.

Joseph Lord, Jr., had provided the Captain with funds to purchase for him a dotted muslin long shawl with palm leaf ends, one cape and collar, dotted muslin for a dress

¹ Captain R. B. Forbes. Personal Reminiscences.

and a piece of best quality "Chopas." He carried with him samples of fine muslin to guide his purchases in Calcutta for the ladies of the Boston families, in which he was a welcome guest, and these bits of muslin and lace are still folded in the letters of instructions written nearly a century ago. His friends always relied upon his good nature and good taste for their shopping on the other side of the globe, and upon his return from his long voyages the Ipswich congregations on a pleasant Sunday were brilliant with the rich and beautiful shawls and delicate fabrics which came in his ship.

He made a second voyage in the "Emerald" in 1828, which was spiced with danger sufficient to offset the placid record of the former. Captain R. B. Forbes in his *Personal Reminiscences*, relates that Captain Heard admitted that a long, low piratical looking schooner had sailed about the "Emerald" for several hours and then concluded to let him alone. But Captain Forbes declares that it was the common belief of the men on the coast, that the pirate fired a gun and ordered the ship to surrender. Captain Heard had ordered the guns to be loaded and the crew to keep out of sight. At the summons of the pirate he hoisted his ensign and changed his course to run down to the schooner as if in obedience to the order. When he was close upon it he put the helm hard up and sent his ship crashing against her broadside and through her light hull, grinding her down beneath his keel.

The "Emerald's" hair-breadth escape from shipwreck on her arrival off the Hoogly River is told in very graphic fashion by Capt. Forbes, in his *reminiscences* of Capt. Heard.

He arrived off the Sand Heads in the hurricane season, and after losing his best bower, was making sail to beat off shore when he luckily saw one of the pilot brigs, which in those days cruised off the port to supply pilots in those dangerous waters. The pilot swung himself on board at the risk of his life, and the moment he touched the deck, after casting an approving eye to the straining canvass, asked sharply: "Where is your bower anchor?"

"Lost yesterday; we have only the small bower left." "How much water do you draw?" "Nineteen feet when on an even keel." (She was then lying over almost with her lee rail in the water). "Well," replied the pilot, "we shall all be in hell before tomorrow morning; there is only eighteen feet on the bar, and no ship that was ever launched could claw off with this wind and sea—but," he hissed into the captain's ear, "there is one chance; send all the men you can spare aloft and shake a reef out of your topsails." The ship was already carrying more than she could bear safely but Captain Heard saw the point and was up to the occasion. They who have seen Augustine Heard in time of danger, and they alone, can conceive of the stillness which came over him when the crisis was at hand; the greater the risk, the more quiet and unmoved he seemed. His dark eye never wavered for a moment, and his voice, always low, sank to a hoarse whisper as he softly gave the order to his astonished mate to make more sail. The reefs were shaken out, the good ship laid almost on her beam ends, thus drawing a few inches less water than when upright and with a thump or two she dragged through the sand bar and was soon anchored in the smooth waters of the Hooghly.

A voyage in the brig "Omar" to Genoa, in 1829, completed Captain Heard's active sea service. His career as a merchant was about beginning. Three Boston mercantile firms, Perkins and Co., Bryant and Sturgis, and Russell & Co., had agencies or branch houses in China, which transacted a large and very profitable commission business, beside the buying and selling for the Boston establishments. Mr. Samuel Russell was then in China, but his partner, Mr. Ammidon, had returned and as he did not care to bind himself for another period of residence in Canton, he entered into an arrangement with Captain Heard to go out in his place. Captain R. B. Forbes was about sailing for China in the new barque "Lintin," which was destined for the Lintin station to be used for storage and furnishing supplies to ships. The ship sailed on July 7th, 1830, and Captain Heard, Dr. Jennison and John M. Forbes, brother of the captain, were passengers.

Capt. Forbes's Reminiscences relate that he was not in the best of health and observe:

When about three weeks at sea I gave up the command to Mr. Heard, who was like a fish out of water for want of employment. He very often had made himself busy in squally weather and I had jocosely threatened to put him in command unless he kept out of the way. He was on his way to join Mr. Samuel Russell at Canton under contract with Mr. Philip Ammidon, who did not want to go again; but on arrival he was received as a partner and Mr. A. was released. John was going out to join the house of Russell & Co. to which end Mr. Cushing had invited him.

The intimate friendship with the Forbes brothers, which grew out of this long voyage, was never broken. They were the sons of Ralph Bennett and Margaret Forbes of Jamaica Plain. Their mother was sister of James and Thomas H. Perkins, the Boston merchants. Robert Bennett Forbes, when a boy of twelve, entered the counting room of his cousins James and Thomas Perkins, Jrs., but craving a more active and profitable employment he was allowed to ship before the mast in his uncle's ship "Canton Packet" for China in October, 1817. He had just entered his thirteenth year but he had determined to be a sailor and the rough experiences of the sea did not turn him from his purpose. His cousin, John P. Cushing, was then at the head of the house of Perkins & Co. in Canton and on Bennett's arrival, Mr. Cushing received him at once into his family. The young lad made himself useful as a clerk, weighing teas, packing silks, etc., and Mr. Cushing would have gladly given him a permanent position but he preferred to remain on the ship. He advanced rapidly and was given command of a ship in October, 1824, just seven years after he had shipped as "boy" on the "Canton Packet." His natural shrewdness and ability, coupled with his influential family connections, enabled him to take advantage of the many opportunities for paying investments, and he soon acquired

high standing as a merchant. The command of the ship on the Lintin station was regarded as the summit of any sea-captain's career. His brother, John Murray Forbes, who accompanied him, was a boy of seventeen.

Augustine Heard was then forty-five years old, nineteen years the senior of Robert Bennett, and twenty-eight years older than John Murray Forbes. Notwithstanding the great disparity in years the young men came to feel the most affectionate regard for their associate.

Bennett Forbes sailed for home in April, 1832. Young John was then in poor health but he had received such constant kindness and attention from Mr. Heard that his brother felt sure that he could leave him safely in such good hands. Shortly before sailing for home, Bennett wrote Mr. Heard, expressing his anxiety about John's health and commending him to Mr. Heard's care.

I think him worthy of all your kind attention and have great hope that he will eventually prove a worthy representative of him who has gone.¹

My mother who has from recent misfortune become perhaps too sensitive, writes this: "Say to Mr. Heard that I look upon him as the guardian angel of my dear John and tell him how grateful I feel for his disinterested kindness to both my sons."

I have cautioned him not to be biased by the opinion of any one save yourself and to abide in all things by your good advice.

John Forbes was obliged to come home in the following year. His frequent letters to Mr. Heard are delightfully chatty and open hearted and full of boyish enthusiasm. Under the date, Aug. 17th, 1833, he describes a visit to New Bedford, to attend the marriage of a friend of his sister's.

I will say nothing at present about the beauty of the bridesmaid, except that I thought the bride the loveliest girl in the world till I saw her twin sister.

The same difference which exists between your char-

¹ His eldest brother Thomas, who was in charge of the house of Perkins & Co. when he was drowned at Macao.

acter and mine is very strikingly displayed in our letters. Yours are filled with your friends, mine with myself. Still as you know what to expect from me, I will not apologize for my egotism.

He describes a deer hunting expedition to the island of Naushon, near New Bedford in October. A November letter bears the message: "My mother talks a great deal about you, and sends her love most particularly." The speedy culmination of his romantic attachment to the young bridesmaid is announced in his letter of December 10th:

Since I last wrote you I have taken a very important step towards that sad speculation in matrimony, having become engaged to Miss Sarah Hathaway of N. Bedford. I need not tell you that I have been very violently smitten, or I should never have got into such a scrape.

Yrs. most affectionately,

J. M. F.

The mock seriousness of the gushing youth finds expression again in his letter of December 19th in which he says that he plans to return to China in the spring if his health improves sufficiently, but acknowledges that he may be delayed.

Among the many inducements to the latter course is alas! the sad fact that I have entered into a matrimonial speculation and have actually contracted for the hand and heart of one Miss Hathaway of New Bedford, said hand to be given up when most convenient to all parties concerned.

Such heart to heart confidences between a young man not yet twenty-one and a man of forty-eight indicate a very amiable and affectionate disposition in the elder friend. Though Mr. Heard was never married, he had a singularly winning way with young people and children which opened the way for many delightful intimacies. His relatives in Ipswich had frequent reminders of his re-

membrance and generous regard. He wrote to his brother, George W. Heard, from Canton, Feb. 14th, 1833.

You will receive an invoice of two cases of sundries, consisting of shawls, crepes, various sorts of silk and even Grass Cloth Hdks. As neither you, Ann¹ nor Mary² will name anything that you wish for from here, I hope to hit your wants or taste in everything, with the exception of the scarlet shawls. I think you had better send the whole case marked J. H. to Ipswich where M. and V. W. can take such as they can bring into use of the Hdkf. Gr. Cloth and silk and crepes which are not white, that you may give them what color you please; and the greater part of the silks I have no doubt you will find useful in your families. . . .

By the next . . ., you may expect some tea and insects for your friend Oakes.³

The relations between Mr. Samuel Russell, the head of the house, and Mr. Heard, were most cordial. Mr. Russell wrote on June 21, 1832, desiring him to continue in the partnership, as his term expired by agreement on December 31st, and hoping that his health would allow him to do so. Writing again May 3d, 1833, he expressed great regret that Mr. Heard could not renew his agreement for another term, but admitted the soundness of his reasons.

Although his health was somewhat broken by the heavy burden of responsibility and the conditions of life in China, Mr. Heard remained at his post. Joseph Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, came in the fall of 1832 bringing a letter of introduction from Prof. Sidney Willard⁴ of Cambridge. Financial difficulties had obliged him to leave his young family and seek to retrieve his fortunes in Canton. He entered the employment of Russell & Co. John M. Forbes, anxious to get back into the exciting game of money-making, left his young wife a few months after marriage and arrived in China in August, 1834. In October Mr.

¹ Geo. W. Heard married Elizabeth Ann Farley.

² Mary, sister of George and Augustine.

³ William Oakes, a celebrated naturalist, owned and occupied the house now used as the rectory of the Episcopal Church.

⁴ He had married his sister, Hannah Heard.

Heard, exercising a power of attorney, which Mr. Russell had authorized him to use, appointed John M. Forbes a partner, with power to dissolve the old house of Russell & Co., and form a new establishment if he considered it expedient. His own interest in the firm was three-sixteenths. He conveyed a sixteenth to Mr. Forbes and the same to Mr. Coolidge, leaving only a similar interest to himself. Writing to Mr. Coolidge, Oct. 12, 1834, he remarked:

As I do not feel that I shall be of essential service to it (the firm) during my absence, although I shall do all in my power for its benefit, I am unwilling to hold so large a portion of the earnings of the workers here, which with other reasons have induced me to relinquish to you one-sixteenth of my three-sixteenths.

Having settled his business affairs, Mr. Heard began his home journey. He was at Manila in November, 1834. He wrote to Baring Brothers & Co., his London bankers, from Jamestown, St. Helena, on March 3d, 1835, that he had recently arrived from Manila in the ship "Lord Wm. Bentinck," and was about embarking on his old ship the "Emerald" for New Bedford.

Upon his arrival in Boston he established himself in comfortable quarters in a chamber in No. 81½ Tremont St., owned by his friend, William Appleton. He called it "The Loft." Here he transacted his business. He had invested largely in the cotton mill at Ipswich; he owned a third of the ship "Argo," which he sold in 1838 to an old Ipswich friend, Robert Farley, who already owned the larger portion. His correspondence with his friends in Canton was extensive. His hours of leisure were spent in the homes of his many friends, or in places of refined amusement. He had a pew in the Old South Church. His kindly interest in Mr. Coolidge in China led naturally to intimate friendship with his family. He had charge of Mr. Coolidge's property, and exercised a benevolent guardianship over the family of five young chil-

dren and their mother. Mrs. Coolidge was a daughter of Governor Thomas Mann Randolph of Virginia, who lived with President Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, where she grew up, a woman of high culture and most engaging personality. Mr. Heard endeared himself to them all by his constant kindness and the children became warmly attached to him.

Mr. Coolidge wrote from Canton in October, 1834:

I commend my family to your kind attentions. I hope to hear that you see them often. I like to think of my oldest boy walking by your side, with his hand in yours, and of my twins as seated on your knee.

And now, farewell, and may God bless you. I can never forget what you have done for me.

A few years passed quietly. In June, 1835, Mr. Heard slipped away for an excursion to the White Sulphur Springs. But in the spring of 1838, Mr. Coolidge began to write of friction in the affairs of Russell & Co. A dissolution of the partnership was evidently impending. Mr. Coolidge left China, however, for a brief visit at home, but sailed again with his wife on July 3, 1839. Mr. Heard had written to Samuel Russell in Sept., 1838, that for want of an occupation he was thinking of going to England for the winter. He sailed soon after and returned in May, 1839.

Immediately after the departure of the Coolidges, he found all the diversion and occupation he needed in a voyage to Havre in a French passenger packet, "The Rhone," on his way to Geneva, with the four Coolidge boys, Joseph Randolph, about eleven years old, the nine year old twins, Algernon Sidney and Philip Sidney, and Thomas Jefferson, a little fellow under eight.

Arrangements had been made with a teacher and Mr. Heard assumed the novel responsibility of caring for four lively lads on their journey. He kept a sea-journal, following the habit of his long sea life, which contains amusing details of the petty and unaccustomed difficulties occasioned by his guardianship. But the passage

proved interesting. The boys soon became accustomed to his rules. He notes that they are affectionate and hang about him. He recorded the daily events, and approved the captain's handling of the ship.

Captain Wotten is decidedly the best captain out of four that I have taken passage with to or from London and Havre. He is the only one of them that seemed to know when to make sail after having taken it in.

His own log books contain such frequent allusions to split sails, broken booms and topmasts, and minor casualties of many sorts, that it is very evident that he had never failed to carry all the sail that the weather allowed, and much more than a slow or timid master would have ordered.

The boys were left at Geneva and Mr. Heard, after a short tour of Paris and London, returned on the steamer "British Queen" in September.

Little Ellen Randolph Coolidge shared her brothers' affection for their common friend. She was only fourteen years old, but she wrote him the most fascinating notes, which he cherished to the end of his life.

"I cannot let you go," she wrote, just before her brothers sailed, "without telling you how much I love you and how grateful I am to you for all your kindness to me and my brothers. Poor little fellows! They will feel badly enough the first week or two of their residence in Geneva!"

And again in November, 1839:

Do come out on Saturday. I am very anxious to see you again; it seems a great deal longer than it really is, since I have done so.

Good bye now, my dear Mr. Heard, believe me,

Yours very affec'ly,

Ellen R. Coolidge.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, the youngest of the four lads, remembers Mr. Heard well. He writes, "I knew him of course only in his old age, but a more splendid old gentleman never lived."

Immediately upon his arrival in Canton, Joseph Coolidge began to write of the necessity of a new arrangement. Mr. Heard had authorized him in such an emergency to form a new establishment and promised that he would join in the new venture if he wished. Availing himself of this, Mr. Coolidge wrote in December, 1839, that after January 1st, 1840, there would be a new firm, composed of Mr. Heard, himself, and Nathaniel Kinsman. He urged Mr. Heard to come and stay with him for two or three years.

A year elapsed before he decided to go to China. He lived at "The Albion" in Boston but retained the "Loft" as his office on Tremont Street. His brother, Geo. W. Heard, was living then on Pinckney Street and Mr. Augustine passed many pleasant hours in the family circle. His brother John had died in May, 1839, Charles, many years before. Naturally George and his family were especially near and dear to him. He had married Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Major Robert and Susanna Farley on Nov. 6, 1823.

Their children were: John, born Sept. 14, 1824; Augustine, born Dec. 7, 1827; Margaret, born March 2, 1830, died July 21, 1831; Albert Farley, born Oct. 4, 1833; George Washington, born Jan. 31, 1837.

Capt. Augustine Heard became greatly attached to these four nephews, and in their young manhood, he admitted one after the other to the firm of which he was the head.

He wrote to Mr. Coolidge on May 7, 1841:

Within the last week I have engaged with Mr. Appleton to go to Canton in his new ship, "Mary Ellen," and shall probably leave here between the 20th and 25th with a cargo of cottons and lead. To be certain that she should not be sailed by a drone I shall take the management of her into my own hands for the purpose.

He sailed on the 20th, taking with him memoranda of the persons whom he wished to remember with gifts from Canton—Mr. Oakes, Rev. D. T. Kimball, Prof. Wil-

lard, Rufus Choate, through his brother George, R. T. Paine, Joseph Lord (tea) and Robert Farley. He carried commissions for Canton ware, dry goods, teas, etc., but nothing probably gave him more pleasure than the very tender word of farewell from Rev. David Tenney Kimball, the pastor of the family church.

Ipswich, May 18, 1841.

Dear Sir:

As you are about to embark for a foreign and distant land, give me leave in remembrance of repeated tokens of your friendship and in consideration no less of the uncertainty of my life than your own, to express to you the desire that through the kind providence of him who rules the elements, you and your young nephew, who accompanies you, will pursue your voyage out and in with safety; or if peril on the sea or sickness in a foreign clime shall prevent your return, that you will reach that world where storms never rise and friends never part.

Yrs. affectionately,
D. T. Kimball.

The "young nephew" mentioned in the letter was John, the eldest son of his brother George. He was a lively lad, and had found trouble of various sorts in the different schools to which he had been sent. As a last resort, as Phillips Academy at Andover was a popular school, he was sent there probably to prepare for college. His description of his reception at Andover, and of his experiences there is vivid and amusing.

While I was standing about and trying to get accustomed to my new surroundings, a boy came up and asked, 'Can you fight?' I said, 'I don't know what you mean.' Whereupon, to illustrate his meaning, he hit me a smart blow. On this I went into him fists, feet and body, which so astonished him that he gave in at once and I entered the school with some eclat.

His three years at the Academy were of little profit in book learning, but his rough and tumble life with the boys, and the stern discipline may have fitted him for the

strenuous experiences that were in store. Mr. Heard's reminiscence of the weekly "settling of accounts" as he termed it, by the principal, is thrilling even at this remote day.

The culprits were ordered, one by one, to the east lecture room, so called, where the momentous and painful interview took place. The first order was to take off the clothing from the upper part of the body; then to fold the arms around one of the iron pillars supporting the roof, and all being thus duly prepared, the Master knelt down and prayed that the whipping might be sanctified. The punishment was then inflicted with a long, flexible cowhide. This story will hardly be believed today, but I was, too often, one of the principal actors to leave any room for doubt.

After a period in the English High School his eyes failed and his boyish craving for novel and exciting experiences led to his going with his uncle, Captain Joseph Farley, in the ship "Argo" to Havana, when he was only thirteen years and eight months old. Stricken with fever he was left in good hands by his uncle, who could not wait for his recovery, but he recovered sufficiently to be put on board a vessel sailing for Boston, where he arrived about the time news of his sickness and probable death had reached the family. He sailed again with Capt. Farley for Cronstadt, but returned home with no further desire for a sailor's life. The hum-drum clerkship which followed was no more to his liking and he hailed with rapture his uncle Augustine's invitation to go out with him in the "Mary Ellen" and begin work as a clerk in the Canton office.

Affairs in China were in a very disturbed condition when the ship arrived. Young John wrote home most interestingly and intelligently of the affairs of the house and the political unrest. Mr. George B. Dixwell and Mr. Coolidge were the resident members of Augustine Heard & Co., and they were sharply at variance with each other.

The "Opium War" was then in progress. The Chinese

refused to permit the importation of opium from India. Great Britain resented their interference with this very lucrative trade and compelled the Chinese by force of arms to grant entrance for the drug. A treaty was patched up but much ill-feeling remained, against the English particularly, but extending to all the "foreign devils." The English merchants had been obliged to leave Canton, but the American houses and those of other nationalities continued at their post. While affairs were in this tense condition, and the least indiscretion might precipitate a violent outbreak, a quarrel arose in the street between some Lascar sailors from the ships and the populace. Stones were thrown, the Malays, who were among the Lascars, were about drawing their knives and bloodshed seemed inevitable.

John Heard's narrative in his letter of Dec. 13th, 1842, to his parents gives a graphic description of the dangerous episode from this point.

Seeing this, Mr. Dixwell, who speaks the Indian language, went out and by threats and persuasions drew off the Lascars and placed them all in a vacant hong near our own, called the 'Creek Factory.' Notwithstanding that the mob must have perceived that his interference was in their behalf, they commenced stoning him and continued it, until he made his escape into our house and closed and barricaded the doors, as well as one leading into a passage running to the east of our residence to the hong and which, if open, would have exposed us to attacks in the rear. After throwing a few stones at our factory, (which, by the way, is called the Dutch Hong), the mob turned their attention to the next house and assaulted it violently. It was occupied by Mr. Murrow and two ladies were staying there. These, with Mr. M. made their escape to one of the Hong and the rioters meeting with no resistance quickly forced the doors and commenced plundering the house. This was about 4 P. M., and they continued busy there until nearly nightfall, when having taken everything moveable away, they fired the house together with that called the Company's Hong, which adjoins it.

Until this time we had not supposed there was much actual danger, expecting that before they had had time to finish their work at Murrow's, the Mandarins would have sent soldiers to our relief. We had, notwithstanding, done all in our power to render our barricades secure and had loaded all our arms to be in readiness to act on the defensive, should it become necessary. At this time, about 6 o'clock, they commenced their attack upon us, having become perfectly infuriated with the success of their first attempt. They had been fighting among themselves for the plunder and this aroused all their passions, besides their number was constantly augmenting. They commenced by breaking our windows and endeavoring to force our gates, but as these last we knew could hold out against their attacks for a long time, and the former were secured by iron bars, running across them, we contented ourselves with keeping a vigilant watch, and using our utmost exertions to get our account books and valuable papers, together with our trunks and such articles as were most handy, away from the place, sending them by the Hong Coolies, through the passage before alluded to, to the Hongs. This passage, we were obliged to defend, not only because it opened a gap for a near attack, but because, through it *only* could we retreat when matters came to the worst. All this time we were using our utmost endeavors to keep the fire from taking firm hold of our dwelling and with the help of the Hong coolies, of whom we had a large number, we partially succeeded.

About this time the mob commenced wrenching the iron bars from one window in the lower Godowns and to prevent this Uncle A. fired *over* them once. This had the effect of keeping them away for ten or fifteen minutes only, when they returned to the charge with fresh numbers, at the same time attempting to force the door of the passage. . . . We were now obliged to fire at them which sent them away for a short time, and as we had nearly half a million of treasure in our vaults, we determined upon the dangerous experiment of opening our front door and endeavoring to pass a portion of it into a tea boat, which was lying at the foot of our yard, defending the door from the mob with our muskets while the Coolies were carrying down the money. We succeeded in passing out a few thousand dollars, but the numbers of our assailants were so great, and they collected

about us armed with every kind of a missile, that we were obliged to make a precipitate retreat in doors. The rascals got so near that stones were coming into the open door in such profusion that we could not get near to close it, but just as they were on the point of rushing in, we brought our guns to bear upon them and fired, and during the ensuing panic flew to the door and succeeded in closing and securing it before they recovered sufficiently to prevent us.

"By this time our books and papers had been got away, as well as most of our personal effects; at least all we were able to save, before the fire rendered it too hot for us to go to our rooms. In numbers, we were at this moment: Uncle A., Mr. Dixwell, Mr. Roberts, a gentleman belonging to Matheson & Co.'s establishment, then staying with us, named Humpston, myself and a Malay steward belonging to the "Fort William," who was separated from his companions, and who rendered us most essential service by loading the guns after discharges and was throughout very cool and resolute. The mob now fired the Creek Hong, as well as a chop house adjoining and the flames began to encroach upon us from all sides, the "Creek" being next to ours. They also recommenced their attack upon the door of the passage and soon succeeded in forcing it, thus leaving nothing between them and us. Crowds of them collected in the door way and were on the point of rushing upon us, when Mr. Dixwell fired and they instantly fell back.

Such was the effect produced upon them by this timely discharge, that they gave up their attacks upon us from that point and scarcely one of them dared to show his head at the doorway again, though it was entirely unobstructed. I should have mentioned before that one of our Coolies hit upon an expedient to prevent their entrance which showed considerable ingenuity. Remembering that the greater part of these fellows were barefoot he caused all the old bottles in the establishment to be brought and broken before them, thus strewing the whole passage with glass.

The fire was now fast increasing upon us and I left through the passage which emerged into one of the back streets, for the Hong, to endeavor to induce them to send engines and Coolies to our assistance. I went first to the old Houqua, but he said that he had his own Hong to take care of, and could not spare us aid. This was the answer

of one or two others, but I was prevented from prosecuting my endeavor among any of those more remotely situated from the scene of desolation by being pursued through the streets by some of the thieves. I lost no time in making my way back to our party, whom I found as I had left them.

Not long afterwards, at perhaps 9 P. M., the danger from fire becoming still more pressing, Mr. Roberts attended by the Malay . . . set forth upon a similar errand. In the mean time large numbers of the thieves had got around to the back street and they intercepted his return to us even going so far as attempting to plunder his person. He, however, got off by the assistance of some of the Coolies who were with him and reached the Hong in safety, where he was obliged to remain. This deprived us of two valuable members of our small number, the Malay particularly, to whom, in consequence of his expertness in loading we had entrusted one half of our cartridges. The loss of these was the most serious which could have befallen us, as they were our only means of protecting ourselves in our retreat . . . and this we were extremely anxious to defer to the latest possible moment. We still entertained slight hopes that the Mandarins would send some force to drive away the mob, and we could not abandon so large an amount of treasure until the last minute.

We accordingly divided our small force, keeping a vigilant watch and being obliged occasionally to fire upon them. By these means we held the mob in check and endeavored to subdue the fire. Of this we had small hopes, but it was worth a trial and another hour passed in this manner. At last the robbers began to get more bold and built a fire against our door, which we were constantly obliged to keep drenched with water. This and our muskets kept them away and they finally turned their attention to other points of attack. They now began to increase their numbers in the back streets and the Hong merchants were frequently sending to us to try to induce us to make our escape while there was a chance, fearing that the mob in the street would attack us as we passed them in retreating to the Hong.

We still held on, however, but the Chinese had fired the buildings in our rear. Finding that we were burning on all sides, that our own house was in a blaze throughout; that the robbers were preparing to attack

us in the rear as well as the front; that only three cartridges remained; and knowing besides that the fire would protect our treasure for some hours, we decided that it was time to retreat, prepared in case we met with trouble to force our way to the Hongs. We had defended our place for eight hours without any assistance whatever, and every one had left us but about ten of Footae's Coolies, who were capital fellows, and now surrounded us and kept off the mob with cries and their long poles.

Marching with our muskets and pistols ready for instant action, we passed through the streets and reached the Hongs about eleven o'clock, well wearied and anxious. We lost no time in dispatching an express to Whampoa, ordering boats to come up with all the arms and force they could muster, hoping they might be able to reach us in six hours. . . . We had eaten nothing since eight o'clock in the morning and having taken some slight refreshments we laid down for an hour or two. Boats were up at day light . . . and we went immediately to our house. We found that they had succeeded in forcing our treasury and were then fighting for and carrying off the money. We fired a shot over them and advanced, when most of them dispersed, moving off a short distance. We guarded our premises and on the arrival of more boats succeeded in saving nearly half our money, getting it off to Whampoa on board one of the ships.

It only remains for me to say that we owe everything to the coolness, intrepidity and presence of mind of Uncle Augustine. He encouraged us by his voice, animated us by his example—was everywhere—did everything—and to him belongs the credit of saving the vast amount of money which we did (over \$200,000).

. . . But you know him as well as I do and can imagine how he would act on such occasions much better than I could describe it. . . . As for myself, as I suppose you will want to know what I did—I did what I could, obeyed orders, ran here and there, and endeavored to make myself useful, but don't suppose I did much good.¹

Eventually the Chinese government made good the loss of the House and personal losses as well. A large number of the rioters were taken and punished by being

¹ He was gratified on learning that his Uncle Augustine wrote home: "You will be glad to hear that John behaved very well in a time of difficulty and some danger."

yoked together and exposed on the steps of the Consoo house in a crowded thoroughfare and deprived of food and drink until they died.

After three years Mr. Coolidge withdrew from the House and a new organization was made. Mr. John Heard relates the particulars in his unpublished sketch of his life.

A short time after Mr. Coolidge left, I think in May, 1844, my future was fixed in a manner very agreeable to me. Uncle A. called me into his room and asked me to sign a paper that he handed me. I did so and went back to my desk, hardly giving the matter a thought, supposing I had simply witnessed something. Uncle A. came to me shortly afterwards, putting the paper before me and saying: 'You sign very carelessly, you should be careful to see what you are about.' I looked at it and found it was one of a set of the Articles of Co-partnership of the new firm of Augustine Heard & Co., by which the house was divided into thirds. Uncle A. and Dixwell having one third each and the other third divided between Roberts and myself, I having two parts and he one. I could hardly believe my eyes. Not content with this, he had prepared another surprise for me. I had never received any salary for the nearly three years I had been at work in China, and, indeed, I had never expected anything. Uncle A. had given me an interest with him in some small shipments he had made to America, which had, with some adventures I had made on my own account, for which he lent me the money, produced a gain of some three thousand dollars. I supposed this was in lieu of salary, and so I told him when he asked me what I thought my services were worth. He said: 'But the House has paid you nothing and it is your debtor. Will that amount be sufficient?' He then gave me a cheque for \$2000 a year for the time I had been in China, nearly three years. So that I was started in life with about ten thousand dollars and a partnership in the House. I lacked rather more than three months of being twenty-one. Of course I was very grateful and made up my mind to do my best.

The above example gives some idea of the kind of man Uncle A. was. He was always rather better than his word, than worse. And, as I have before said, he had the most marvellous control over his temper, a matter in

which I was very deficient. I remember that once, when, as usual, I had been taking samples out of some chests of tea that we had weighed, for some reason he was very anxious that they should fairly represent it, and he asked me if I had been very careful about it. Without meaning any impertinence, I said, 'If you don't think they are all right, you had better take them yourself,' meaning that as he was very anxious about them, he would be better satisfied if he saw they were well taken himself. He made no reply and I had forgotten the circumstance entirely, when a few days afterwards I got a note from him saying he did not believe I knew how I had addressed him a few days before. He then repeated what had occurred and I saw how grossly impertinent I must have appeared to him. I hastened to apologize and to explain what was in my mind when I spoke so to him.

The clipper barque "Sappho" had been built for the use of the House. On her arrival in China, it was found that she was not adapted for the business and she was loaded and sent home to be sold. Mr. Heard availed himself of the opportunity of a direct return passage and sailed for home in December, 1844. Very soon after his arrival he took passage for England, returning in June, sailed again for Havre in November and returned in January, 1846. In 1847, 1848 and 1853, he repeated his short trips to England, presumably for business purposes.

Many busy years followed his retirement from the personal management of the affairs of Augustine Heard & Co. His nephews all served their term in China, the younger ones, Albert Farley and George Washington, following John and Augustine, in the management. But the great packages of business letters which remain are evidences that the old merchant was always informed of the operations of the House and that his word was awaited before any departure was made from its routine methods. For many years, and as long as he lived, the business was very profitable. When John Heard retired from his position as head of the House in December, 1862, he notes in his reminiscences:

I left the house firmly established, rich and second to no other American House in China. Indeed, I doubt if many would not have called it the first.

As has been noted already, Mr. Heard had a large interest in the Ipswich Cotton Mill, and held to it through its checkered history until it passed completely into his hands in 1852. He was interested as well in the manufacture of lace in 1822 and 1823, an enterprise which was originated by his brother George W., and in the distillery which his brother operated. The lace business resulted in a loss and after a few years it was sold to the Ipswich Lace Co., which became bankrupt. He was much attached to the fine mansion his father had built, and took pleasure in making repairs and improvements. The beautiful mantles and grates were placed by him in 1849. The homestead lot was enlarged by the purchase of houses and lands adjoining until it included nearly the whole of the present spacious lot, and a half dozen old dwellings were removed including the ancient Wallis house, of unique and striking architecture, which, if it had been spared, would have been regarded today as an invaluable relic. The ancient Crompton-Choate house had been destroyed by its owner the year before he acquired the lot, and he enlarged this by the purchase of the Daniel Cogswell property and the Baker estate adjoining.

Here he dwelt in his declining years, his sister Mary making a home for him. In March, 1862, by invitation of his friend of so many years, John Murray Forbes, he was his guest, in company with Mr. Bacon and Mr. Brooks, on a trip to Beaufort on the paddle wheel transport "Atlantic." Mr. Forbes wrote: "Mr. Heard, as I see more of him, seems very feeble. I hope the yacht will get down so that I may make him comfortable." He returned in April.

Mr. Heard was always a generous giver, but for the most part gave quietly and secretly. Now and then, however, his private papers mention his benefactions, his

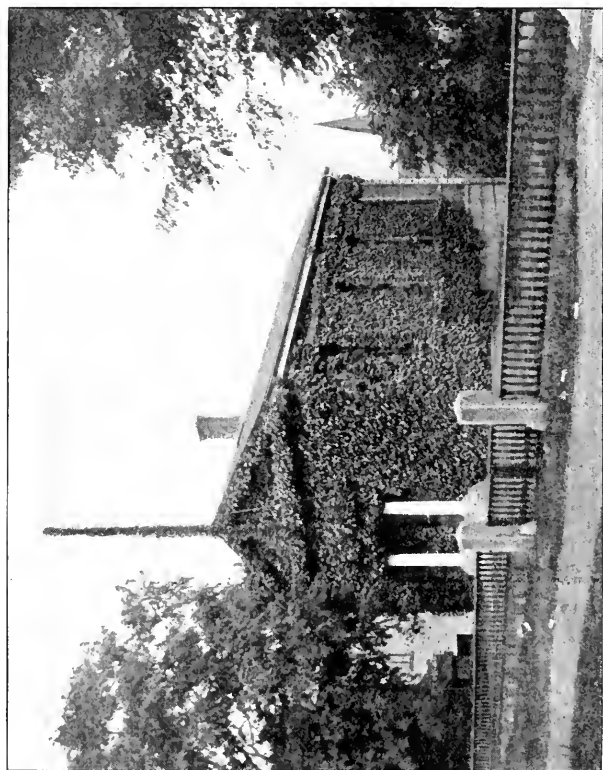
subscription in 1839 of \$200 annually towards the salary of Prof. Adams at Harvard, and his remembrance of friends. But the grateful letters from many recipients of his bounty attest the existence of a multitude whose names were known only to the giver, who were indebted to him for relief in times of need.

Nor did he limit himself to gifts, which were comparative trifles to his abundant wealth. He loved to do large things. When the new meeting house of the First Church was built in 1847, he contributed the fine organ, and his nephew, Mr. John Heard, then in China, provided the bell. In the dark days of the Civil War, the three brothers, then in China, John, Albert and George, sent their uncle £1000 for the relief of Ipswich soldiers and their families. The exchange value was \$7600 and Mr. Heard enlarged the gift to \$10,000 and conveyed it to trustees, appointed by the Town to receive and administer it. With the accumulation of interest, nearly \$13,000 was disbursed.

But his great benefaction, which interested him most deeply in his declining years was his gift of a Public Library to the town of his birth. He selected the site and purchased the land. He took upon himself the selection of plans and the oversight of the erection of the building. He appointed the Trustees to whom the management was to be left, defined the policy he wished them to pursue, and appointed the librarian. He approved the selection of the first three thousand volumes, and seven thousand more were added by the generosity of his four nephews, after his death. He provided for the endowment so that the library thus established might be self-supporting forever and free to every one. His total benefaction exceeded forty thousand dollars.

Before the Library was ready for use, he became ill and after a short sickness died in the family homestead on the 14th of September, 1868, on the same spot where he was born on March 30, 1785.

At the funeral service on September 16th, a tender and



THE IPSWICH PUBLIC LIBRARY

beautiful eulogy was spoken by Professor John P. Cowles, Principal of the Ipswich Female Seminary.

He was a man of remarkable energy and decision. The thing that was to be done he did promptly and in its time. He wrought with great power and without noise, for his was not a heavy but an effective stroke. Its certainty and efficiency were like those of a mechanical force. In reality, it was physical and intellectual power of a rare order, working promptly, steadily and surely for whatever end he sought to accomplish. He was a man of undaunted courage. He was a stranger to fear. . . .

He was a man of eminent self-control. He had all his faculties well in hand, trained instruments, ready on any emergency, for use. He had his passions also well in hand. They were not his masters but his servants, made to know their place and to obey his over-mastering will. His will was one of the strongest and most effective faculties in him; controlling himself he was able to control others; among kings, he would have been still himself a king. . . .

He was a man of exact truthfulness. The word which he said was strictly true. He neither prevaricated nor exaggerated—his habit was rather to extenuate than to exaggerate—to say less instead of more than might be said.

He was a man of perfect honor. . . . He had no management, no underhand methods, no contrivances behind the scene. He could not have been a political demagogue; as little could he have been the tool of demagogues.

To those who knew him at all intimately, his kindness and benevolence were, perhaps, the most impressive and stirring traits in his character. People who beheld his dignified form and somewhat reserved manner, might not dream that under that quiet exterior there beat a heart as tender as a woman's. There are multitudes who know how easily his heart was touched with any want or suffering, whatever, that fell in his way. I believe that it would be the testimony of all who ever knew him, that no case of real need was ever laid before him in vain. If all those who have received his aid in counsel, or with material succor, were gathered together it would be a great congregation, and if they should open their lips to thank him, he would say, "Don't speak of it, it is nothing."

Many of his friends among the merchants of Boston, with whom he had been closely associated for many years, attended his funeral. One of them, returning home, wrote to Mr. John Heard, his personal tribute.

My earliest recollections of your uncle dates back to the time when he returned from China in the "Gov. Endicott," when, in my boyish days I began to have a strong fancy for ships. And I remember him, too, when in the "Emerald" on a voyage to Calcutta. But I only first knew him in China, when he went out in the "Mary Ellen". Many of his acquaintances were mine also and of the many and of the much I have heard spoken of him, no one ever uttered a word but of warm regard. And on this, his day of burial, one whose acquaintance with him is of fifty years duration, I mean Israel Whitney, remarked to me, "Augustine Heard never said a word to me—never told me anything I felt sorry he had spoken."

. . . His marked success, was, I think, to be attributed in a great degree to this prominent quality. What he began he rigidly adhered to, not with a dogged obstinacy, but with a thoughtful, deliberate, stern, unflagging persistence. He seemed to me to be wholly free from impulse. Judgment ruled and was ever master. . . .

He knew the true calling of a merchant as one placed here by God to acquire in order that he may diffuse. He never made the fatal mistake of making money as an end. He was one of God's true secret almoners. Of the many, numberless, kind ways in which he comforted and made others happy, we shall never know. It is unnecessary. But long must be that record kept by the Recording Angel.

With sincere regard,
E. H. Faucon.

Joseph Coolidge wrote from Paris on receiving news of his death:

I need not say how great a shock and grief this was to me. I had hoped that he would live until I could return home and see him once more. I wanted again to thank him for all he had done for me and mine.

To you who know him so well, I need not speak of the many rare qualities which distinguished him. Modesty, courage, justice, truth, generosity, and self-respect, met in him to a degree that is seldom found in any man.

Two anonymous poetical tributes appeared in the Boston newspapers.

THE FUNERAL AT IPSWICH

There stood a figure from the past before me
With a faint voice—who spake of Augustine,
A blind old man, but in his tone was music
Because he told me what my friend had been.

He said but truth—yet in that simple story
Of a good life, brought roundly past four score,
It seemed to me there was a certain glory
Which I in goodness never saw before.

He said, "He was all honor—not a shadow
Of meanness even fell upon his fame."
He said, "He was all kindness— orphan, widow,
The poor, the broken-hearted blessed his name."

His labor brought him riches—but that saying
About the camel and the needle's eye
Came not near him; his dollars were as mirrors
Whose light he multiplied his goodness by.

When, late, I saw those dark men out of Asia
Rolled through our streets—the scholars of Cathay—
Methought, "Well, *our* ambassadors before them
Went to their empire, with less proud array."

Those noble merchants without steel or banners
Carried truth East—and now the East is ours.
Their trade was not in talk, but their words planted
Faith between the oldest and the youngest powers.

Well, there be good men many among merchants,
Enough to temper down life's bitter leaven.
Was there not a scribe to whom his Master whispered:
Friend, thou art not very far from the Kingdom of
Heaven?

IN MEMORY OF AUGUSTINE HEARD

Lover of men, that mad'st their need thine own;
Of lion-heart, yet tender as a child;
Patient of pain, when it was thine to bear;
Impatient when it fell to others' share;
Calm as the moon, when myriad Tartars wild
With mortal hate, beset thee all alone
Save one brave Pythias, pledged with thee to die;
Thine honor stainless as the vernal sky;
Thy left hand unacquainted with thy right;
Doubtless thy sweet unconscious ministries
Done without trumpet to the "least of these,"
Recorded in immortal letters bright,
Shall be acknowledged in the sight of all,
When breaks upon the world the Great Archangel's call.

III

JOSEPH GREEN GOGSWELL.

Joseph Cogswell, the son of Francis and Anstice Cogswell and grandson of Dr. Joseph Manning, was born on the 27th of September, 1786. As Dr. Manning died on May 8th, 1784, and bequeathed the homestead to Anstice, it is probable that Joseph, the youngest child in the family of six, was born there. In his reminiscences of what he called his hairbreadth escapes, written in his old age, he tells the story that one day when he was not quite four years old, the frame of a new house for his father was being raised. While the workmen were enjoying the good cheer, which always accompanied a "raising," the little fellow climbed a ladder and then up the rafters to the ridge pole, on which he stood up and cried out "See Me." His shout was heard by the carpenters and he was rescued before he could attempt further dangerous feats.¹

In his ninth year, while trying the strength of the ice in the river in late winter, very likely at their back door, it broke suddenly and he fell in head first and was swept under the ice. Twice his head appeared among the floating ice-cakes, but he was swept under the ice again. Providentially help was at hand when he emerged the third time, and he was taken from the river unconscious.

Then as now, the "Cove" was a famous resort for boys for swimming. In the summer of the same year, when he nearly lost his life under the ice, he was one of a group of youngsters who undertook to swim across. As he told the story: "On their way back, one of the number was seized

¹ This anecdote fixes the date of the family dwelling. Evidently the original Dr. Manning house was taken down and the present building erected on the same spot in 1790. The hip roof was then in vogue. Several other buildings of this period were of similar structure. It continued to be the home of the family and was sold by Professor Cogswell in 1831 after the death of his sister, Elizabeth, his only surviving near relative.

with cramp and had to be supported on the shoulders of the leader of the expedition. Although cautioned not to cling and confine the arms of his supporter, fear made him neglect the caution and he clung so close that both must have sunk, had not a boat put out to save them." He mentions no names but it may be presumed that the young Joe was the hero of the hour.

The little boys of that period began their schooling with a "school-dame," and when they had outgrown the good woman, they entered the Grammar School, where many a lad had been fitted for college. Joseph continued in these schools until he was fourteen years old. Then, as the ancient Grammar School had lost its high repute, he was sent to school in Atkinson, N. H., a few months, and was entered at Phillips Academy, Exeter, in January, 1801. His friend and playmate, Augustine Heard, had preceded him two years before, and they were fellow students for a time.

He remained at Exeter a year and a half, making rapid advances in his studies and enjoying the fine social circle into which he gained entrance. His school boy affection for Mary, the daughter of Governor Gilman, never cooled and in due time she became his wife.

He began his course at Harvard in 1802 and was graduated in 1806. By the will of his father, who died in October, 1793, Mr. John Heard became guardian of the two sons, Francis and Joseph, and some of the college bills have been preserved in the Heard papers. One of them is of particular interest:

Joseph G. Cogswell to the President and Fellows of
Harvard College Dr.

To his fourth Quarter Bill ending June 26, 1806.

| | \$ cts. |
|---|-------------|
| Steward and Commons | 10.91 |
| Sizings . . . | |
| Study and Cellar Rent | 1.50 |
| Instruction | 1.50 |
| Librarian | 1.00 |
| Medical Instruction | |
| Books | .20 |
| Catalogue and Commencement Dinner | .44 |
| Repairs | .78 |
| Sweepers and Sand | .46 |
| Assessment for delinquency in payment of Quarter bills | 7.75 |
| Wood | 3.30 |
| Fines, for indecent conduct in whispering at prayers | 1.00 |
| | <hr/> 28.84 |
| Credit by Hollis money | 16.08 |
| Exhibition | 6.80 |
| | <hr/> 22.88 |
| | <hr/> 5.96 |

Oct. 6, 1806. Rec'd Payment by Mr. Levi Frisbee from
John Heard.

It will be noted that the Harvard Senior now wrote himself Joseph Green Cogswell, though his baptismal name and the name which appears in his father's will, and in conveyances by his guardian, was plain Joseph. His "indecent conduct at prayers" indicates lively and exuberant spirits. He loved daring and venturesome exploits. He recalled the fights between townies and students on the day of the Annual Election. On one of these occasions, the Menotomy (now Arlington) boys came to Cambridge in great force and Cogswell was knocked down by a Menotomy butcher and fell under the heels of

a frightened horse, happily escaping without serious injury.

He taught school during the winter to gain needed funds. In his Senior year he was teaching not far from Cambridge and requiring a book, he came back to his room on the fourth floor of Hollis to get it. His roommate had locked the door, but finding the adjoining room open he climbed out of the window, and keeping his toes on the narrow ledge about an inch wide, he held on by the gutter or mouldings above his head and attempted to work along to his own window. He had just reached it when the moulding came off, but grasping instinctively, he caught hold of the window frame and saved himself from falling. He used to add to the tale of this reckless performance that "Goody Morse," who was passing through the college yard, saw his adventure and fainted at the sight.

Young Cogswell seems to have had no fixed plans for his life work, when he completed his college course. His friend, Augustine Heard, had sailed on his first voyage as super-cargo in November, 1805, and Cogswell sought a similar position and sailed for India in June, 1806. A single voyage, however, cured him for the time of any desire for a sea life and he began the study of law with Hon. Fisher Ames at Dedham and continued with Judge Prescott, father of William H. Prescott, the future historian.

Professional studies wearied him and in 1809 he sailed for the Mediterranean and remained in Europe for nearly two years. On his return he re-entered Judge Prescott's office, was admitted to the bar, and on April 17th, 1812, married Mary F. Gilman and removed at once to Belfast, Maine. There he opened an office and began the practise of law, but his young wife began to show symptoms of consumption and before winter he was obliged to break up his home and remove her to her father's house in Exeter. He wrote his sister, Elizabeth, in March, 1813, that he hoped his wife's health would permit her to spend much of the summer in Ipswich, but she declined rapidly and died on the 16th of July.

Completely unnerved by grief, Mr. Cogswell gave up the Law and wrote to President Kirkland of Harvard desiring a tutorship if possible. His letter to his sister, dated Belfast, August 16, 1813, reveals his loneliness and the tenderness of his regard for those at home.

I heard from President Kirkland last week—he says I can have the office of Tutor in Cambridge without doubt. Mr. Everett¹ is to leave in October or first part of November, which will be as soon as I wish to go. I feel some satisfaction in the view of going to Cambridge. It will give me a retreat from the world and enable me to contribute as much to the comfort of my friends as any situation I could be in. Were it possible for me to do anything in Ipswich I should wish to be constantly with you and mother, but I know were I to remain there it would deprive me of the means which I shall now have of repaying you for some of the infinite acts of kindness, which you have shown me.

For a little while he enjoyed his new task. The study of botany was taken up with the enthusiasm that characterized all his undertakings and his health was improved by his long walks to nearly all the towns within twenty miles of Cambridge. But in the summer of 1815 he was weary of his work and sailed for the south of France, as agent for the Salem merchant, William Gray, in conducting a law suit before the French courts. He returned in the following year and was at Ipswich in July and August. At the solicitation of Mr. Andrew Thorndike, whose son Augustus was just graduating at Harvard, he accompanied the young man to the University of Gottingen, nominally as his tutor, but really to pursue his studies for a prolonged period.

The liberal salary paid him for his friendly oversight of the young student and the defraying of all the expense of travel, made the two years that followed one of the happiest periods of Mr. Cogswell's life. After a month's tour along the Rhine, they arrived at Gottingen November 1st, 1816. His two intimate friends, George Ticknor and

¹ Edward Everett, afterwards President of Harvard and Governor of the Commonwealth.

Edward Everett had preceded him. Ticknor, five years younger than himself, a Dartmouth graduate of 1807, had begun his German studies in 1815. Everett, eight years his junior, had been graduated at Harvard in 1811 and having received his appointment as Professor of Greek in 1815, went abroad in the same year.

Though the four friends saw much of each other, they set to work in very studious fashion. Ticknor, writing home, described his methodical habits.¹

Four times a week I make Cogswell a visit of half an hour after dinner and three times I spend from nine to ten in the evening with him so that I feel I am doing quite right and quite as little as I ought to do in giving up the remaining thirteen hours of the day to study, especially as I gave fourteen to it last winter without injury.

Cogswell gives us a glimpse of his own extraordinary application in his letter from Gottingen, March 8, 1817:²

I must tell you something about our colony at Gottingen before I discuss other subjects . . . First as to the Professor (Everett) and Dr. Ticknor, as they are called here, everybody knows them in this part of Germany, and also knows how to value them. For once in my life I am proud to acknowledge myself an American on the European side of the Atlantic. . . . You must not think me extravagant, but I venture to say that the notions which the European literati have entertained of America will be essentially changed by G. and E's (Ticknor's and Everett's) residence on the Continent; we were known to be a brave, a rich and an enterprising people, but that a scholar was to be found among us, or any man who had a desire to be a scholar, had scarcely been conceived.

Deducting the time from the 13th of December to the 27th of January during which I was confined to my room, I have been pretty industrious; through the winter I behaved as well as one could expect. German has been my chief study; to give it a relief I have attended one hour a day to a lecture in Italian on the Modern Arts, and, to feel satisfied that I had some sober inquiry in hand, I have devoted another to Professor Saalfeld's course in

¹ "Goettingen and Harvard" in "Carlyle's Laugh." P. 337. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

² Ditto. Page 332.

European Statistics, so that I have generally been able to count at night twelve hours of private study and private instruction. This has only sharpened not satisfied my appetite. I have laid out for myself a course of more diligent labors the next semester. I shall then be at least eight hours in the lecture rooms, beginning at six in the morning. I must contrive, besides, to devote eight hours to private study. I am not in the least Germanized, and yet it appalls me when I think of the difference between an education here and in America.

News of the death of his mother in Ipswich in November, 1816, reached Cogswell while he was suffering from the illness to which he alludes in the preceding letter. He was greatly shocked and fell into a profound melancholy. He wrote to Professor Farrar at Cambridge on March 9th 1817:

I have been led to believe that nothing remains for me in life but to prepare for a traveller in some parts hitherto little explored, where Science will be more use to me than Philology, History or Politics, and therefore I lay the ground work for more thorough geological, mineralogical and botanical knowledge. I have lived long enough upon my heart, I must begin to live upon my mind. A man who is bound to a particular spot by a family and a circle of friends, cannot be expected to prosecute researches into wildernesses and deserts, where dangers threaten him every hour; but a man like myself, who is left in the prime of his life, almost alone in the world, who breaks no ties and gives pain to no heart if he wanders as wild as the lion of the forest, such a man, I say, is bound to sacrifice ease and comfort to bear fatigue and privation, to deaden his affections and roam in solitudes, to sacrifice health and life, for the good of his fellow-beings. I think I hear the call and I shall prepare to obey it.

His romantic dream of loneliness and hardship in exploring strange and unknown countries in the interests of Science beguiled him for a moment. He lacked the physical vigor, the resolute constancy of purpose, the capacity to endure solitude, essential to such a task. He loved to study text-book and specimen, and to explore

fields and mountains in brief summer excursions, but he enjoyed the society of his fellows too well ever to isolate himself from them. Six weeks later we find him breaking into his heroic scheme of study, and running away to Weimar to seek an interview with the great Goethe.

I went to Weimar almost for the sole purpose of seeing Goethe, but he was absent on a visit to Jena, where I pursued him and obtained an audience. From all that I had heard of him I was prepared to meet with the most repulsive reception, but as I actually experienced the very opposite you will naturally infer that I felt not a little flattered, and therefore will not be surprised if I should give you a more favorable picture of him than you find in the "Edinburgh Review." I sent him my letters of introduction with a note, asking when he would allow me to wait upon him. In one of the letters it was observed that I had some fondness for mineralogy, and was desirous of seeing the great cabinet belonging to the society of which he is President at Jena. In a few moments he returned me an answer that he would meet me in the rooms of the Society at noon, and there show me all that was to be seen. I liked this, as it evinced some degree of modesty in him inasmuch as it implied that there was something besides himself worthy of my notice, and it was very polite, too, in offering to take upon himself the trouble of going through the explanation of a collection, filling numerous and large apartments. At noon, then, I went to meet this great giant of German literature, the creator and sole governor of their taste. His exterior was in every respect different from the conceptions I had formed. A grand and graceful form worthy of a knight of the days of chivalry, with a dignity of manners that marked the court rather than the closet, such as belong to Goethe, are not often the external characteristics of a man of letters. Soon after being introduced to him, with the politeness of a real gentleman he turned the conversation to America and spoke of its hopes and promises in a manner that showed it had been the subject of his inquiries, and made juster and more rational observations upon its literary pretensions and character than I ever heard from any man in Europe. We talked also of English and German literature. I told him of the interest we were now taking in the latter and found a very convenient opportunity to introduce a few words of compliment to himself which was the least return I could make for his civility.

That you may not think I have made too great progress in German, I just observe that this conversation, which lasted an hour, was carried on in French. . . . When we parted, he invited me to call on him, whenever I should be in Weimar. . . .

In May he was in Gottingen again and on the 23d he wrote to George Ticknor, then in Paris, the tremendous program of daily work which then engaged him.

I go on very regularly rising at four, study till six, then hear Hausman in Geognosy, who is prime, as well in the understanding as the explaining of his subject. At 7, Schrader, who teaches me very little; at 8, Welcker, who is exactly what you foretold he would be, abstract and obscure, always seeking to go where no man can follow him. . . . I really like him as a man and respect him as a scholar—indeed I almost love him since a visit I made him one morning when he talked to me wholly of you, and talked as if he had a heart and had found out also in some degree the worth of yours. . . . From 9 to 11 I am at liberty to study—11, hear Hausman *privatissime*, in Mineralogy; this is accidental. A young man from Odessa whom I know, had begun the course and invited me to hear it with him. I could not refuse such an opportunity of prosecuting a favorite science. From 12 to 1, free,—1 to 2, in Botanic Garden in Library; 2. Heeren who lectures well; 3, with Reck; 4, Saalfeld in Northern History; 5, Blumenbach; 6, Benecke, . . . At 7, comes my drill sergeant and so ends the day as to the lectures I hear. At 8, I give Augustus one in Italian and study as much afterwards, before 12, as accident and circumstance allow. With all this I do not want for exercise. I must needs walk 10,000 steps, at least 4 miles every day. Saturday I make excursions with Schrader and Sunday with Hausman, who makes nothing of carrying us a round of 15 or 20 miles. . . .

The ink was hardly dry on this letter before he was off with Everett and Augustus Thorndike for a three days' flight to Hamburg and Bremen, and on June 13th, he confesses himself conscious of the fact that he is overworking and has been ordered out of town by his physician to recruit. A delightful week with Everett in the

Hartz mountains soon followed, and a longer tour which included Munich, Venice and Rome followed in September. Ticknor welcomed him at Rome. He wrote to Mrs. Prescott on November 15, 1817:

This morning the pleasures of Rome have been doubled to me by the arrival of Cogswell and Thorndike. . . . Since either you or myself saw him last he has acquired a new passion, which is now eating up all his faculties. Botany was the one that preceded it, but this new attachment to mineralogy is much more violent, and to me really alarming since he seems now disposed to make it the business of his life, and pursue it in a manner that will necessarily separate him from his friends, and defeat the usefulness they have so long expected from him. It is a perfect fanaticism in him, but it shall be no fault of mine if he is carried away by it, though, as I have never seen any passion in him so decided as this, I confess I do not begin with too sanguine hopes.

The early summer of 1818 Mr. Cogswell spent in Switzerland, where he developed astonishing endurance in his pedestrian trips. "I spent the month of May in a solitary but happy ramble over this charming country," he wrote in June. Notwithstanding his engrossing passion for botany and mineralogy, botanists and mineralogists wearied him, and he was glad to escape from them and give himself to the enjoyment of Alpine scenery. His letters at this time are full of his tramping.

I must boast a little of my feats of walking. . . . One day I walked five and forty miles, and several forty and contented myself with a single chair in the evening, what do you think of that for a man whom all the world is expecting to see in his grave from one month to another?

Another to Mrs. Prescott on July 16th, tells his exploits in fuller detail.

I am remarkably well, better than at any time these ten years past, and what stronger proof could I give of it than an account of my pedestrious feats this summer. My walking in all, since May 1, amounts to about seventeen hundred miles. . . . No professed guide in this

country has been able to follow me. I have grown fat and rosy notwithstanding all these labors. I have walked from 3 in the morning till noon without having tasted a particle of any kind of food, over a mountain which separates Italy from Switzerland, the most difficult of ascent of all I have seen, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, sometimes deep as I could wade in the snow, and all this after a continuation of such labors for weeks together, ten days of which in a country which could not afford me one mouthful of meat, and I bore it beyond example. . . . Throughout Switzerland my name is up as the greatest pedestrian of the age, and sure it is that I have performed feats which would have made my fortune in England. I boast of these things to you merely to give you proof of my excellent good condition. . . .

With the approach of winter Mr. Cogswell was in England and Scotland after a week in Paris where he declared: "I had the longest and most stubborn fit of the blues that has ever preyed upon me in Europe." In the Lake District he made a visit at the house of the poet Southey, whom he found to be "exceedingly rich in conversation, ready upon whatever subject was started, talking well upon all and eloquently upon many, but discovering much less fancy than I had expected to find in a man who has created so many classes and hosts of imaginary beings." In Edinburgh he had the entrée of the best society, meeting men of renown in science, enjoying the rollicking delights of a festive party at a rich laird's in Fifeshire, and making the most friendly acquaintance with Scott. Sir Walter charmed him more than any poet or scholar he had ever met. "Nothing could inspire me with a higher relish for the cultivation of imagination and taste than the example of their charms in the elegant mind of Scott."

"You would be charmed with this fellow," he wrote his sister-in-law. "There never was anybody like him for simplicity of manners, good humor, spirit in conversation, variety of learning, anecdotes and all that constitutes a pleasant companion." In company with George Ticknor he was Scott's guest at Abbotsford several days in March, 1819.

The Lewis and Clark Exploring Expedition up the Missouri to the unknown wilderness of the North-West left St. Louis in March. Indulging the fancy that he was adapted for work of this kind, Mr. Cogswell had written to the Secretary of State seeking permission to join this company, but he was too late. Most fortunately, for we cannot imagine how a man of his refined sensibilities and exquisite culture could have endured the rough companionships, prolonged physical hardships and demoralizing experiences, which would have been forced upon him by this extraordinary adventure.

As his friend and patron, Mr. Thorndike urged his return with the young Augustus to Germany for another six months or more, he came back to Gottingen and received a most cordial welcome from the renowned Professors of the University.

Gratifying to my self-love, and comforting as a proof that these recluses have a great deal more heart than I before supposed. Blumenbach, good soul, made the welkin ring when he heard my name announced. . . . The Hofrath and Hofrattim Sartorius were no less cordial in their greeting; and I might add the same of Eichhorn, Heeren, Fiorillo, Stromeyer, Benecke, and above all Hausman.

But Gottingen could not satisfy the restless scholar. Cogswell was soon at Dresden and at Weimar where he supped and talked till midnight with Goethe. At Toplitz he attended a ball at which his Majesty, the King of Prussia, Frederic William III, and many great dignitaries were present. He wrote his friend, Mrs. Prescott very facetiously:

The King was dressed exactly like one of our country lawyers in court time, and forsooth at the end of the week when the clean shirt and waistcoat begin to lose their whiteness. He had on a Berlin Bond St. blue coat with gilt buttons, two of which were eminently conspicuous between the shoulders, it being somewhat short in the back, a quondam white waistcoat as I have said before, a pair of grays . . . and Suwarrow boots with tassels

as long as the green ones which the Ipswich ladies made for the cushion of Dr. Dana's pulpit, a common round hat in one hand and a dandy-sticker in the other. It went against the grain to say "Your Majesty" to Royalty thus disguised, but as I was presented to him with the rest of the crowd, I could not dispense with it.

Returning to Gottingen he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University. George Bancroft, the future historian, was now a student, having been sent to Germany by Harvard College upon his graduation in 1817, to prepare himself for the service of the institution, and Mr. Cogswell became much attached to him. "It was a sad parting, too, with little Bancroft," he wrote from Leipzig in August. At Munich, by invitation of the Minister of State, he had a very interesting interview with the King of Bavaria, and hob-nobbed with the Russian minister. After a winter in Paris and a summer in Scotland, everywhere welcomed, petted, feasted, he arrived in Ipswich, where his sister Elizabeth kept the old homestead, at the end of October, 1820.

Long residence and much travel abroad had not weaned him from the home of his boyhood. He wrote to his sister in 1819, from Edinburgh:

I have often thought since I was in Switzerland and in the Highlands amid the water scenery, that our own Wenham Pond, had it been in Europe and been called, as it certainly would be by some pretty and romantic name, would have been resorted to, as such spots are here, for there are many points upon it which are highly picturesque and charming. I call to mind, too, with equal satisfaction our Agawam River. How very prettily fringed with woods are its banks above the dam. Had we but a relish for nature we should never look so indifferently upon the thousand beauties which surround our native village.

He wrote in a November letter from Ipswich:

I have now come here once more to worship God, where I first learned to lisp his praises.

The venerable Dr. Dana was still in the pulpit of the South Church, though now in his seventy-eighth year. John Heard, the guardian of his youth, was hale and hearty, and many pleasant hours no doubt were spent in that fine family circle. Augustine Heard may have been there in the brief intervals between his voyages. Old haunts were revisited, old friendships revived. Nearly a year passed before this finished scholar was decided as to his calling. He dreamed again of a Rocky Mountain expedition with Major Long. Mr. Thorndike made pressing offers, President Kirkland of Harvard desired that he should become Librarian, and a new Professorship in Mineralogy and another in Chemistry were opened to him as well. The salaries were small, \$660 for the Library, \$800 for the Chemistry, and the Professorship of Mineralogy unendowed. But his cherished friends were there, Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres, Everett as Professor of Greek. The re-arrangement of the library after the pattern of the German university appealed to him. The scientific teaching was in line with his tastes. Very naturally he accepted the Harvard appointments. Within a year, however, his instability began to reveal itself. He wrote to his sister in March, 1822:

I am anxious to finish my work in the library, being resolved to give it up as soon as I shall have completed the arrangement unless something should happen to give me a situation of more value here in connection with it. The Professorship of Mineralogy is merely a nominal one, there being no fund for its support.

His dissatisfaction soon became evident. He re-arranged and catalogued the library admirably, but chafed at the restraint put upon him by the Corporation, and was vexed by their want of liberal views. He felt that his work was not appreciated. His passion for mineralogy had spent itself.

George Bancroft had returned from Gottingen and had taught Greek a year in the College, when he, too,

realized that he was a misfit, and the two friends planned to establish a model school for boys.

While in Switzerland in 1818, Mr. Cogswell had become greatly interested in Fellenberg's famous school at Hofwyl, and made several visits to study his methods. He visited Pestalozzi's academy as well. He felt that American schools, as well as colleges, had much to learn from European institutions, and turned with enthusiasm from Harvard, hide-bound with hoary traditions, cumbered with weaknesses and deficiencies of which it was unconscious, and would not be convinced, to a new school where he would have a free hand to work out his own schemes of education.

Round Hill, in the town of Northampton, was selected for the site of the new school, and in June, 1823, Cogswell and Bancroft issued their Prospectus. A few paragraphs will indicate the scheme of the proposed school.

The institution which we propose to establish is designed to furnish occupation for those years, which in France are spent at a *college* and in Germany at a gymnasium. A boy who has completed his ninth year is old enough to commence his regular studies, and to delay them longer would be to waste precious time, and (what is of still more moment) the period when good habits are most easily formed. For learning the modern languages these years are so valuable that the loss of them is irreparable. . . .

On the other side we decline assuming the charge of any one who has already completed his twelfth year, and we conceive that a regard for the success of our school requires of us, on this point to be explicit and decided. . . . The methods of discipline and government must be parental. There is a difference between severity and strictness. The one may be gained by the frequent use of punishments, while the other is best secured by gentleness and example. The relation of the pupil and tutor is that of the weak to the strong, of him who needs instruction and defense to him who is able to impart them. Keeping this principle in mind we shall endeavor to govern by persuasion and persevering kindness. These will be sufficient for all who are neither perverse nor dis-

inclined to study; for others the institution is not designed, and obstinate disobedience on the part of the pupil must ever be a reason for his dismissal.

Regarding the scheme of studies, it continues:

To read, to write and to speak English with correctness, and if possible with elegance, are the first and most necessary objects of instruction. History and geography are studies to be commenced early and never to be relinquished.

The study of the classics was next in order. Latin would be required of all. Greek would be optional with the parents of pupils. Mathematics would be made an optional study largely, according to the taste and capacity of the individual. While the value of scientific studies was recognized, the study of languages was regarded as the proper basis of education.

As the fear of God is the most sacred principle of action, there is none which should be developed with more care. Each day will begin and end with devotional exercises. The Lord's day must be sacredly observed and the exercises of worship constantly attended.

These were high ideals and very original in the main. No innovation was greater, perhaps, than the substitution of gentleness in discipline for the brutal punishments that were then counted essential to the proper management of a school. At the celebrated Andover Academy Rev. Mr. Pemberton was praying with refractory students and then administering the cow hide, rousing intense personal hatred and contempt for his Pharisaic show of religion.¹ In every district school in the Commonwealth, the winter term was a prolonged fight between the school master and the husky country boys who came for a few weeks of schooling. The departure from the regular routine of study, and the adjusting of the work to the individual taste and ability was hardly less striking. Mr. Cogswell's friends might have had just fears that after his prolonged studies in the German University, his friendly mingling with men of the highest rank in literature and science, his methodical work as a college librarian, he was now attempting a task, for

¹ Page 37.

which he seemed ill-adapted and which would prove to be intolerably burdensome. All such forebodings were happily disappointed.

When the school opened on October 1st, 1823, twenty-five boys were enrolled, fifteen living in the family and ten day scholars from the village. They came from families of wealth and fine culture, rejoicing no doubt in their escape from governesses and tutors and promising themselves much fun in the new school with its easy discipline. Mr. Cogswell wrote his friend Ticknor on the twelfth of the month. He confessed that he saw plenty of hard work awaiting him:

Obtuseness to be sharpened, obstinacy to be subdued, roughness to be smoothed, rudeness to be snubbed, habits of idleness to be corrected, new notions of study to be infused, or worse than all, mind to be created. I soon found that the only course to be followed was to begin *de novo* with every one and to consider them as opening a book for the first time.

We rise at six and meet soon after for prayers, study till eight, at which hour we breakfast, then play till nine, from nine till twelve, Stunden (hours for lessons), dine at half past twelve, play till two, from two to five Stunden, sup at half past five, play till seven, and then assemble for the evening occupation, which thus far has been reading only, as there was scarce one among the number who could read English decently. A little before nine they are dismissed and go to bed. Thus far all has gone on perfectly smooth, though a more patience-exhausting task was never taken in hand.

He wrote later in October regarding his plan of instruction:

My principle in instruction is to send a boy back to his place for a single error, which he might have avoided by care and diligence, and there is not yet one among the whole whom I do not send back half a dozen times in every lesson. I do not form any classes, but allow every one to get as much of any book which he is studying as he can do in the time assigned for that exercise, telling him that he may recite as soon as he is ready but cau-

tioning him at the same time, that the least failure sends him back, and obliges him to wait till the rest have been brought to trial.

You see, in this way, we lose the common motive of emulation, but we substitute for a desire of relative superiority, that of absolute excellence; and you know, we derive no aid from the fear of the lash. These two circumstances increase our labor very much for the present, but I am convinced the result will be worth the pains.

After two months, Mr. Cogswell was able to write:

We have no refractory boys, none who may be called so much as difficult to govern; in no case has any disregard or disobedience of our commands been shown, nor have we at any time seen an instance where more could have been effected by the use of corporeal punishment, than we have done by verbal reproof. Still our task is a most arduous one, for although our children are docile, they are wild as young colts, and require to be constantly curbed and guided by a very tight rein. In the school-room they draw upon me for my full stock of patience and that, not because they are noisy and rebellious, but because they are most unreasonably dull. I am sure Job could not have stood out under such a trial.

His "dull" scholars, as he is bound to call them, made notable progress. In a little more than two months Mr. Bancroft

had carried five or six through Virgil and got them along a little way in Greek.—One of mine has gone through Kennett's Roman Antiquities with care, two-thirds of Nepos, Murray's English Grammar and learned the principles of the structure of an English sentence of which he knew not a word before, and will finish Watts on the Improvement of the Mind. He is also young, not yet eleven, and by no means among the most studious but among the brightest.

But though the work in the class room taxed his patience, he found great delight in the company of his boys. He was their leader in sports and games. He laid out a running track round the woods and made his mile in six and a half minutes. They had a great deal of jumping,

leaping and climbing. Every Saturday afternoon they had a tramp from twelve to sixteen miles. The day before Thanksgiving he took six of them on an excursion to Hartford, walking twenty-one miles before noon and riding the remainder of the journey. After a round of sight-seeing they started back and arrived in the evening, having walked about fifty miles in all. He accustomed them to disregard cold, or snow, or rain, and to endure pain with Spartan fortitude. One little fellow, after finishing fourteen miles on this hike, complained of a sore heel. Mr. Cogswell remarks:

I stopped and examined his foot, and found that the ends of some nails had worn through his stocking and had made his heels bleed a little, but as there was no remedy, I told him that we had but seven miles further to walk, and that he must bear it; he said not a word more of the pain. To pay him for his fortitude I bought him a new pair of shoes at Hartford, and with them he came back as fresh as any of us. On the home-stretch they trudged over the meadows at the rate of four miles and a half an hour, in darkness so dense that they could not see where to step.

They were obliged to saw and split their own wood and make their own fires, in the intervals of skating and coasting. They had a gymnasium with excellent equipment. But summer brought the great pleasures. Many years afterward, Thomas Gold Appleton¹ recalled with enthusiasm Mr. Cogswell's generous provision for the amusement of the boys. He bought horses and they scoured the plain like a phalanx of cavalry. He established a boy-village which bore the happy name of Crony Village. Bricks, mortar and lumber were furnished by him, and the boys built their houses, with hearths and chimnies, and cooked and ate their suppers. In August, he would start with forty boys with a huge wagon, big enough to carry twenty-five, the rest on foot. "The ride and tie" of pioneer days was the order of the march, and the weak or wearied ones had a spell in the wagon, and

¹ "Old and New," July, 1872.

those who had been rested by their ride took the road again. Thus they made their tour to Boston and Nahant, or to Saybrook, or elsewhere, camping at night by the roadside. Mr. Bancroft, a large corps of native teachers for the modern languages, German, French, Italian and Spanish, and skilled instructors in the classics, did most of the teaching. Mr. Cogswell was the organizer, manager and father of the community. His department especially was that of moral and affectionate influence, besides which he was head farmer, builder, gardener and treasurer of the place.

It is no wonder that the Round Hill School gained great popularity. Pupils flocked to it in such numbers that many had to be turned away. It was the Mecca of educators, including Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The reverence and affection of the boys for Mr. Cogswell knew no bounds. But the clouds began to gather in a few years. Financially it was a losing investment and Mr. Bancroft withdrew in 1830. An Act of Incorporation was secured and an attempt was made to sell the stock, and thus divide the burden among the friends of the school. In December, 1831, Mr. Cogswell's sister, Elizabeth, who had been with him from the beginning, was taken away by death.

He wrote to Mrs. Ticknor:

God has taken from me my only sister and my only near relative, and never was there a kinder, more disinterested, and more devoted attachment than that which she has ever manifested to me. For years I am sure she has not had a wish which was not connected with my happiness and prosperity. . . . This bereavement does indeed leave me a solitary being upon earth. . . .

In the summer of 1832, his losses amounted to \$20,000, his work and worry had told severely upon his health, and he realized that the school must be given up. His friends rallied most generously, conveyed their shares to him, and endeavored in every way to make it possible for him

to continue, but he felt that he could go no further and the school was closed in 1834.

No man was ever more fortunate in his opportunities or richer and more blessed in his friends. He was invited at once to take charge of several schools, and spent a short time in Raleigh with a boys' school with gratifying success, but too great a strain upon his health. Business propositions were offered him. An old friend, Mr. Samuel Ward, whose three sons had been pupils at Round Hill, pressed him to come into his family and perform a merely nominal service, to save his independence, at a generous salary. But the invitation of Mr. Francis C. Gray, son of the Salem merchant and old time friend, William Gray, to be his companion in Europe for a year, with no duties and large emoluments, prevailed.

On his return, while a guest at Mr. Ward's, he came to know Mr. John Jacob Astor, and his son, William B., and gradually the plan of establishing the great Astor Library took shape. The Senior Astor had decided to give or bequeath some three or four hundred thousand dollars to some great public institution and at Mr. Cogswell's suggestion he agreed to create and endow a library. Eventually Mr. Cogswell entered into an agreement to go abroad and buy books. As Mr. Astor wavered in his plan of proceeding at once with the library, Washington Irving, who was about sailing for Spain as the American Minister, pressed Mr. Cogswell to go with him as Secretary of Legation. Irving wrote to the State Department:

He is a gentleman with whom I am on confidential terms of intimacy, and I know of no one who by his various acquirements, his prompt sagacity, his knowledge of the world, his habits of business and his obliging disposition is so calculated to give me that counsel aid and companionship so important in Madrid, where a stranger is more isolated than in any other capital in Europe.

He received the appointment and was preparing to go, but at the last moment, Mr. Astor agreed to enter into a contract with him for a salary of \$2000 a year while en-

gaged upon the catalogue and awaiting the completion of the building, and a guarantee of the eventual librarianship with a salary of \$2500 a year. Thereupon he resigned his office as Secretary, and settled to the work upon the library.

While the librarianship was still in the balance, we catch a glimpse of him at Cambridge. Longfellow jotted in his Diary¹ on August 14, 1838:

Cogswell is here and is truly a God-send. He is not yet appointed Librarian at Astoria.

After repeated journeys to Europe to buy books, in January, 1854, twelve years after he began his labors, the doors of the Astor Library were opened. The toil he insisted on performing was engrossing. He lived in a room, which had been fitted for his occupancy in the building, and here he continued his work far into the night. He rarely left his post. The completion of the catalogue allowed him no rest. Occasional week-ends at Rokeby, Mr. Astor's home on the Hudson, or at Newport, or with his beloved Washington Irving at Irvington were his only respite. He wrote George Ticknor in October, 1859:

August was a month of very severe labor for me. Every book in the Library changed its place, and consequently passed through my hands for rearrangement. Never in all my life have I worked so many hours of so many days continuously without any respite except for meals and sleep, and always on my feet. I may add that never in all my life could I have stood it, as I have now done. . . .

He was then seventy-three years old. Two years later he resigned his office and removed to Cambridge, where he made his home most happily with Mrs. Haskins, the niece of his wife, who, with her husband and children was about taking residence there.

Twelve quiet years remained. He was frequently a

¹ Life of Longfellow, by Samuel Longfellow. I: 294.

guest in the homes of his many friends. The poet Longfellow often mentions him in his *Diary*¹.

January 12, 1866.

Cogswell and T. at dinner. Lowell could not come on account of his sore throat.

May 5, 1867.

On my walk met Henry James, who said some pleasant words about the translation of Dante, and afterwards Cogswell, who did the same.

July 22, 1871.

Cogswell comes down (to Nahant) in the boat. Dear old man, how glad I am to see him.

His old pupils loved to do him honor. "Tom" Appleton and some twenty others of his Round Hill boys tendered him a dinner at the Parker House in 1864, at which he read a very tender address. An affectionate letter from J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, who had been his pupil, reached him in the following year.

There was singular fitness in his return to Cambridge. Though his connection with the College as Librarian, and Professor of Mineralogy lasted only two years, his contribution to the development of higher ideals was of profound value. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his essay: "Gottingen and Harvard a Century ago," calls attention to the fact that Harvard was greatly influenced by German University methods a century ago and that this influence was exerted through these three men, Joseph Green Cogswell, Edward Everett and George Ticknor.

But while the immediate results of personal service to the college on the part of this group of remarkable men may have been inadequate,—since even Ticknor, ere parting, had with the institution a disagreement never yet fully elucidated—yet their collective influence both on Harvard University and on American education was enormous. They helped to break up that intellectual sterility which had begun to show itself during the isola-

¹ In *Life* by Samuel Longfellow. III. 79, 91, 165.

tion of a merely colonial life; they prepared the way for the vast modern growth of colleges, schools, and libraries in this country, and indirectly helped that birth of a literature which gave us Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and the 'North American Review,' and culminated later in the brilliant Boston circle of authors almost all of whom were Harvard men and all of whom had felt the Harvard influence.

Mr. Cogswell's work at the Round Hill School was an inspiring and far-reaching influence in the development of higher ideals and finer methods in schools for children and youth. The superficiality, the coarseness, the brutality, that characterized far too frequently the schools of his day were rebuked by the thoroughness, the refinement, the delicacy of his system. The noble profession of teaching was lifted by him to more abundant honor. The joy and privilege of school life were revealed to the rising generation.

It is a singular and striking coincidence that at the very time when Mr. Cogswell was doing this pioneer work in the education of boys, Zilpah Grant and Mary Lyon were striking out new paths in the education of women in the Ipswich Academy, with less pomp and circumstance than attended the Round Hill experiment, but with no less originality and power. Year by year a company of earnest young women went forth from the Ipswich school, inspired by the precepts and example of their great teachers, with glowing enthusiasm for their work as teachers, in every part of our country and in distant lands. Miss Grant endeavored to establish in Ipswich a great Seminary for young women, thoroughly equipped and well endowed. She failed, but Mary Lyon, catching her spirit, raised the necessary funds with incredible toil and exhaustless patience, and perpetuated the spirit and methods of the Ipswich school at Mount Holyoke.

Ipswich may well be proud of her brilliant son, and her splendid school, and her great contribution through them to a broader, wiser and more effective training of the young in the schools of America.

Mr. Cogswell's labors in connection with the Astor Library were a fitting culmination of his endeavors for the better education. This great library, the first to be established in America, was an incentive to the founding of others. It furnished scholars with the means of carrying on their studies, encouraged young students to make researches in many fields of knowledge, and opened the way for a great multitude of children and youths into the realm of books, there to discover that the pleasures of the intellect were finer and more satisfying than the pleasures of sense.

One day, in his serene old age, he came back to Ipswich to visit the family burial place and select a spot for his own final rest. Fifty years had passed since his last visit, but as he walked about the streets he remembered every house that was standing when he was a school boy and the name of the family which occupied it. Writing to a friend of his return to his early home, he mentioned that he had recently transcribed from memory a little poem which his pastor, old Dr. Dana, had given him to speak when he was eight years old, seventy-five years before, and which he had never seen in print or manuscript and had never before come into his mind.

In the afternoon of a quiet Sunday, November 26th, 1871, he breathed his last, at the great age of eighty-five years and two months, having retained his faculties almost perfectly to the very end. Hon. George S. Hillard, one of the assistants of the school, closed a tender tribute with the very apt lines from Dryden's Oedipus:

Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd
But fell like Autumn Fruit that mellow'd long,
Ev'n wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner.

Fate seemed to wind him up for four score Years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more,
Till like a Clock worn out with eating Time
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

He had selected for his burial a spot in the South Cemetery, overlooking the scenes he loved, the winding river and the hills beyond. Here his old pupils erected over his grave a simple but beautiful memorial bearing the inscriptions:

JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL

Born at Ipswich, Sept. 27, 1786.

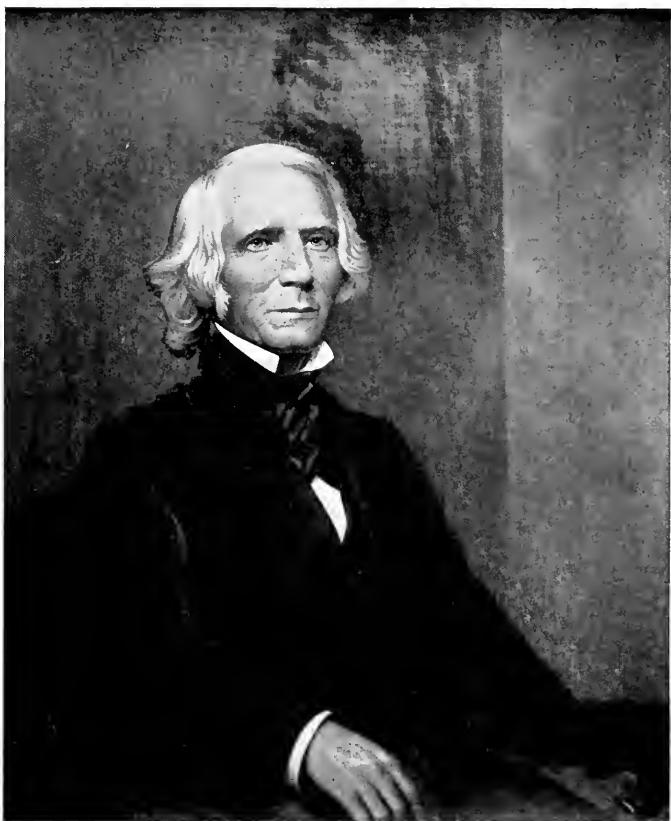
Died in Cambridge, Nov. 26, 1871.

In Affectionate Remembrance

Erected by Pupils of Round Hill School

Northampton, Mass.

As a fitting token of his affectionate regard for his native town, and an apt expression of his life long devotion to the higher education, he bequeathed the town the sum of four thousand dollars for the benefit of the old Ipswich Grammar School, which he attended in his boyhood. It was then merged with the town High School, and when the new Manning School building was erected his legacy was expended with other funds in its construction.



DANIEL TREADWELL

1791-1872

From an oil portrait

IV.

DANIEL TREADWELL

Daniel Treadwell, the third of the South side boys to win a distinguished place in the world, five years younger than Joseph Green Cogswell, and six years the junior of Augustine Heard, was born on October 10th, 1791. He was the son of Capt. Jabez Treadwell and Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac Dodge, a prominent merchant and a patriotic citizen, who rendered many valuable services to his town in the long Revolutionary struggle.

In a short Autobiography written by Mr. Treadwell in 1854, he tells pathetically of his early life.

My father and all his predecessors to the first settler were farmers—hard working and respectable men, none of whom have left any distinguishing mark either of their virtues or vices upon the community in which they lived. My mother, Elizabeth Dodge, was the second wife of my father, and died when I was two years old, leaving me and two older brothers (Isaac Dodge and Jabez) the oldest of eight years, without any female relative to care for us. My early years were therefore, no doubt, much neglected, as my father's housekeepers, however well disposed, possessed neither the education nor the affection required to make the most of a child, and my father, who was fifty-two years old at the time of my birth, was much occupied in the care of his farm. My father—I can remember him well, although he died when I was but eleven years old—was a staid and sensible man—a model farmer, exact and punctual in all his affairs. The active period of his life fell upon the hard times of the Revolution, during the greater part of which his three brothers were engaged in the army. Of the bravery of one of these brothers, Capt. William Treadwell of the Artillery, I remember hearing many stories when I was a boy. My father, by his industry and prudence with but little assistance from his sons, acquired a property in land, which at the time of his death was valued at about seven thousand dollars.

The farm included land on both sides of the romantic lane, which leads to "Old England," a portion of which is now included in the beautiful estate of Moritz B. Philipp, Esq.

Daniel Treadwell sold the homestead¹ to Ephraim Fellows in 1814, who tore down the old dwelling with its leanto roof and built the new house, which was inherited and occupied by his son, the late Ephraim Fellows. It was a simple home, indeed, with its churns and cheese moats, its spinning wheels for flax and wool, its great weaving loom, its nine linen sheets for the best bed, the seven cotton and linen for more ordinary service, but for every night family use, the thirty tow sheets, and nine tow pillow cases, the goodly store of pewter and brass candlesticks. But a touch of delicacy and refinement is given by the wearing apparel, itemized in the inventory of Captain Treadwell's estate: the slate colored silk gown, the light colored silk gown, the red cloth riding hood and the small red cloak that formed part of the cherished wardrobe of the good wife; and the blue, black and dark green coats, the buff colored and velvet vest and breeches, the black-knit breeches, the silver sleeve buttons, knee and shoe buckles, which the Captain wore on Sabbath days and great occasions.

The motherless lads, left to their own devices, found pleasure enough no doubt in their nutting expeditions into the neighboring pastures, their rambles in the woods, and their excursions down the river. "Treadwell's Island," as it is still called, was part of their father's farm, and a dory and oars are noted in the inventory. So we can imagine the many long summer days they spent in rowing and fishing, and berrying on the Island, and little Daniel, a delicate boy, storing up those reserves of health and strength, which tided him over many seasons of weakness and illness in his busy mature

¹ The estate of Capt. Jabez was divided equally between his three sons, but Isaac Dodge and Daniel inherited the share of Jabez, who died in 1806. Isaac Dodge Treadwell sold his undivided half to William Jenyss of Newburyport in 1807. Partition was made in 1808, and the homestead fell to Daniel.

life. Many a winter evening was spent happily and profitably about the cheerful fireplace, listening to the stories of danger, hardship and courage of the Revolutionary soldiers, which stirred their young blood to strong and noble living.

Capt. Jabez died on January 13th, 1803. Isaac Dodge, the eldest son, then in his eighteenth year, was already serving his apprenticeship to a silversmith, and as the custom was, no doubt lived in his family. Jabez, the second son, sixteen years old, had probably begun his sea faring. Daniel, a little past his eleventh year, was left homeless but not friendless. Col. Nathaniel Wade, a distinguished Revolutionary officer, and a most estimable man, long the friend of the family, was appointed executor of the estate and guardian of the three sons. He took Daniel at once into his own family, his share of his father's estate being sufficient for his support. Three years later his brother, Jabez, died at Havana, on his first voyage as mate of a brig.

Some of the happiest years of Daniel's life were spent in the old gambrel-roofed Wade mansion, under the great elm trees. He always held Col. Wade in the most affectionate regard. In his informal will, which he made in 1819, just before sailing for Europe, he included the item: "To Nathaniel Wade, Esq., (as a token of my esteem for this respectable man, who has so long extended towards me his kind offices and this without consanguinity but from the benevolence of his nature) I give my gold sleeve-buttons, which were my father's." Writing in later years, he spoke of him as "honored and beloved throughout the County for his sound judgment, his perfect integrity, and his unfailing benevolence." The constant and affectionate care of Mrs. Wade was a new experience to the boy who had never known a mother's love.

He went to school in the old hip-roofed building, now a stable, but then the Ipswich Grammar School, taught by Samuel Dana, son of Rev. Dr. Joseph Dana, then by

Amos Choate, and later by the veteran soldier school master, Major Thomas Burnham. He must have been a precocious scholar, and his mechanical tastes revealed themselves at a very early age. The Town of Ipswich bought a fire engine when he was only eleven years old. One of his schoolmates, Mr. Samuel N. Baker, said:

This attracted the attention of the school-boys and of Daniel Treadwell in particular, who resolved to make one. When finished, he announced to the boys that he would try it and exhibit it during the vacation. When the time came, the boys assembled and we drew it to a two story building; we went to work, forced the water on to the roof and with a shout of joy pronounced it a success.

His school-fellows remembered him as a quiet boy, but a general favorite. He was the treasurer in all the small financial transactions of school-life, because of the exactness of his accounts and his absolute truthfulness. His temperament was imaginative to such a degree, that the boys were wont to sit in a circle around him in the pleasant summer evenings, while he delighted them with the tale of purely imaginary adventures.

For two years after his father's death, he attended school in Newburyport, walking to Ipswich on Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday at Col. Wade's. In 1805, when he was nearly fifteen, his brother, Isaac, having completed his apprenticeship, established himself as a jeweller and silversmith in Newburyport. Daniel's aptitude with tools naturally inclined him to some mechanical trade, and he eagerly embraced the opportunity of acquiring the trade of the silversmith by becoming an apprentice to his brother. It was an unfortunate venture. Isaac was only twenty years old. His youth and inexperience invited failure. Unexpected difficulties soon beset him; he lost his courage, neglected his work, was cheated out of a large amount and in two years gave up his business. He went to New York, and afterwards to Caraccas, where he became Director of the Mint and the

Department of Mining under the Government, and perished in the great earthquake of 1812. These were unhappy and unprofitable years to Daniel as well, though his brother treated him with the utmost kindness. But he had made progress in his trade, and soon found an opportunity to continue his apprenticeship with Captain Jesse Churchill, a gold and silversmith, in Boston. While a member of his brother's family, he had laid the foundation for the studious habits, that characterized his whole after life. There were few books in his father's house, the Bible, Robinson Crusoe, some translations from Virgil, and a few tales. But his favorite volume was a strange choice, Nathan Bailey's Dictionary, which he read and studied. In after life he said that he had gained more from it than from any other book he ever owned. In his leisure hours at Newburyport, he chanced upon Pope's and Milton's Poems, some plays of Shakespeare, the works of Sterne and Smollet, and read with avidity these and whatever else came in his way. On his removal to Boston, he had access to a library, and began a systematic course of reading in history and the English poets from Spenser to Scott. Physics and metaphysics also engaged him.

In his Autobiography he says:

When about nineteen I took to geometry and algebra, and went unassisted through Euclid and Bonnycastle's Algebra. Although I could not give my mind to the works of gold and silver that I wrought, I was always attentive to the operations of machinery whenever I saw them. Before I was fifteen I had gone through the necessary exercise of puzzling over the problem of perpetual motion. During this labor I perceived, without aid or instruction from anyone, the great principle of virtual velocities. This rediscovery or untaught perception of the principle of virtual velocities, is sometimes given as a mark of great mental power. I am inclined to think it not an uncommon occurrence, and that most young persons of a little more than medium talent are capable of it. . . . In this way, working with my hands upon what did not interest my thoughts, and bending my mind with the utmost force upon a world remote from my business, I reached my majority.

A companion of those years wrote of him :

He read everything good of its sort; for everything he found an appetite. Every evening and every moment when not at work he spent over his books. His head was so full of Plutarch and poetry and the philosophers, that he gave no time to the companionship of his acquaintance, and soon came to live in a world that most of them had no conception of. Often the young workman was found hammering on a piece of plate, with his eyes perhaps wandering from his work to a volume of Hume or some other instructive writer, which was usually open upon the bench before him.

So bright and original a mind could never content itself with the hum drum routine of any trade. The only tool of the silversmith was the hammer, by the skilful use of which a flat sheet of silver was shaped into any desired form. The art had made no advances from the early ages when the gold and silver vessels were cunningly fashioned for Solomon's temple or Pharaoh's palace. Daniel Treadwell soon devised "a set of forms or 'swages' between which the rolled plate of silver was laid and by a few blows or strong pressure received the desired form with great exactness."

His apprenticeship completed, he entered into partnership with his employer and remained with him about four years. The War of 1812 caused great depression of business, and young Treadwell turned to a new scheme. Next door to Mr. Churchill's was the shop of Phineas Dow, a man of skill and ingenuity, some ten years older than himself. Here the two mechanics labored evenings for more than a year in inventing and building a machine to make the common screws, used in cabinet and carpentry work. Up to this time, in America, at least, they had been made only by hand, slowly and imperfectly. When this machine was finished, in an imperfect form, it was put in operation in a mill at Saugus, by the aid of a friend, General William H. Sumner of Boston. Mr. Treadwell says in his Autobiography:

It performed the operation of making a screw entirely

without the aid of the hand; taking in the wire at one end, it delivered a finished screw at the other. It was therefore very complicate, but much admired for its ingenuity. It was never made really practically successful in the form in which we made it, but it contained many of the elements upon which the screw machinery of the present time is constructed.

Had the War of 1812 been prolonged, the ingenious inventors would have had a monopoly and reaped large profits. The quick return of peace, however, was followed with the reappearance of imported screws in abundance. The machine was sent to Philadelphia in 1817, and was sold with the right of using it for about \$5000.¹

From his screw machine to a nail machine was an easy step. He devised a machine which received the red hot nail rods at one end and turned out the wrought nails, headed and pointed, at the other. An Englishman contested the priority for a machine of his own invention, though it did not produce a perfect nail. Mr. Treadwell had neither the means nor the disposition to contest his claim, and abandoned the business. He seems to have re-entered the field with this or an improved machine, however, as he was employed on the Mill Dam of the Boston Water Company from 1824 to 1827 in the manufacture of nails, though without great profit.

The toil and anxiety incident to the construction of his inventions, coupled with his work at a trade, which he confessed did not interest him, proved too great for his delicate constitution. At times he had been obliged to give up all work and seek rest and recreation in the home of his boyhood. He had spent a whole summer in a cruise along the coast of Maine. Finding it impossible to regain his strength, he withdrew from his partnership with Captain Churchill in February, 1817.

In the following winter, he turned to the distinctly in-

¹ As in the case of so many other inventions, Mr. Treadwell's machine seems to have been entirely overlooked in modern encyclopædias in their story of the development of the great modern industry of screw making by machinery. The first practical machine was invented by an American about 1836; but Mr. Treadwell's machine, patented nineteen years before, was a successful though imperfect invention. Had he retained and perfected it, it might have been made a commercial success.

tellectual pursuits, which had always fascinated him though he had been unable to gratify his tastes hitherto as he desired. Under the direction of a native French teacher, he began the study of French. He added to this the study of medicine with Dr. John Ware of Boston, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. His medical studies gave him entrance to a group of students or young practitioners, men of the finest culture and refinement, enthusiastic in their professional studies—Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Dr. William Sweetser, afterwards Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Bowdoin College and others. With Dr. Ware and Dr. Sweetser he came to have an intimate and affectionate friendship, which continued to the day of his death. Though these were all college trained, and Mr. Treadwell's schooling had been very slight, his brilliant natural gifts won instant recognition.

A year and a half spent in his medical studies restored his health. He had become intensely interested in the study of the mechanism of the human frame. The powerful leverage secured by the attachment of the muscles to the limbs suggested to him a similar application of power in machinery. The beguilement of mechanical invention proved superior to the attraction of his new profession. Selecting the printing press as a machine susceptible of great improvement by a new application of the strength of the operator, he began a close study.

The common printing press was the same which had been in use for many years, requiring a violent effort by the printer to force the type down by the strength of his arms upon the sheet of paper. By an ingenious application of levers, and the "toggle joint," the "knee joint" of the human frame, Mr. Treadwell produced a press in which the weight of the printer, operating upon a treadle, supplanted the laborious hand labor. Another device secured the printing on both sides without shifting the sheet.

The press was set up in Boston, and did its work in very satisfactory fashion. Col. Benjamin Russell, an old

Boston printer, and well known as the editor of the "Columbian Centinel," was greatly interested, and used his influence to bring it into general use. Though greatly encouraged by its favorable reception, Mr. Treadwell made no effort to further its adoption in his own country, but decided to attempt its introduction into England.

He sailed for Liverpool on November 6th, 1819. Immediately upon his arrival he made arrangements for the construction of a press, and then indulged in a short tour in England and France. His letters to his friend Dr. Ware abound in piquant observations. "After all, America, with her simple institutions, is the country for me. In this old and rotten world kings and lords strut about in bombastic pomp, as though it was made for them alone, and all the people were nothing."

With characteristic American complacency, he makes bold to criticize the men he met, cherished institutions, and the government itself.

I am quite disappointed in the English mechanicians. I find none among them men of enlarged, well-arranged minds, and I have had opportunities of seeing some of the most eminent.

You have no doubt heard of the Society of Arts. It is, to be sure, a body too numerous to rank very high, but it is headed by the most popular of the royal Dukes, and is always spoken of as respectable at least. I have attended two or three of their meetings and was astonished at the trash and nonsense I heard. The English are before us in many things, but they owe this to other causes than their superior genius, as they insolently imagine. . . .

It is astonishing to see the confidence which the English have in their complicate and rickety old government. They say that its fall has been predicted every year for the last half century, and as it has not taken place yet, they do not believe that it ever will; as well might a man of seventy hope to live *ad infinitum* because he has lived so long already.

His press was completed in May, 1820, and he devoted the summer to an unsuccessful attempt to place it on the market. Its excellences were acknowledged, but the con-

servatism of English methods was averse to novelties, however useful and promising. Though Mr. Treadwell assumed for the most part the role of a "Daniel come to judgment," he was quick to acknowledge inventions of approved merit. He was deeply interested in the steam cylinder press, which was then winning its way in England. He began at once to study improvements and soon after his return in September, 1820, he began the construction of a machine to print by power.

He writes in his Autobiography:

It was completed in about a year, being the first press by which a sheet of paper was printed on this continent by other than human power. All the operations except supplying and removing the sheets were automatic, derived from a rotary shaft worked by a horse. . . .

There was not at that time, I believe, a single steam-engine at work in any shop or manufactory in the old peninsula of Boston, and but a single one at the foundry at South Boston.

The prejudice which always attaches to any device, which substitutes a machine for hand labor, was manifest at once. Printers were not willing to adopt a power press. Thereupon, Mr. Treadwell, by the help of his constant friend, Gen. W. H. Sumner, and Mr. Redford Webster, purchased type, procured workmen, and contracted with book-sellers to print books. His innovation was made the more startling by his employment of women and girls. Though the opposition of journeymen printers was violent, and his establishment was set on fire, as there was abundant reason to believe, and his presses damaged, he printed several books, which bore the imprint on the title-page, "Treadwell's Power Press." In the year 1822, an edition of the New Testament from stereotyped plates was printed upon this press. His success was such that one of the principal book-sellers of Boston purchased the establishment with the patent right for Massachusetts in the same year.

The manufacturing of the power presses was continued by Mr. Treadwell in his factory in Boston, as well as

the steam engines by which they were operated. They were installed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and were used wholly in book-work. The publications of the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the Sunday School Society were all printed on these presses. It was first used for newspapers in 1829, in the printing of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and was soon after adopted in New York for the same work. As the competition with other presses had become acute, and the newer styles were preferred to his, Mr. Treadwell, being engrossed in other pursuits, made no effort to improve his press, and gave up the business in 1829. Pecuniarily, the result of this invention was very satisfying. By the sale of the presses, with the rights to use them, and the manufacture of the steam-engines, he had made a profit of some \$70,000.

While actively engaged in the building of printing presses, and the superintendence of the nail-factory on the Mill Dam, he found time for a variety of other pursuits. He made a brief excursion into the field of editorship in 1822, when he became associated with Dr. Ware and Prof. J. W. Webster in the founding of "The Boston Journal of Philosophy and the Arts." Though a magazine of high merit, it failed to receive patronage and was discontinued in 1826. He succeeded in injecting fluids into dry timbers and endeavored to interest the Navy Department in the practicability of injecting preservatives into ship timbers to save them from decay. Nothing resulted from his experiments, but French engineers applied the same method ten years later, and it is now a well-recognized and valuable process.

The reputation of Daniel Treadwell for scholarly investigation and high attainment in scientific knowledge brought him distinguished honor on November 12th, 1823, when he was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In this select body of men of the finest ability, he made friends with all, but especially with Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the celebrated mathematician and navigator, then in the full maturity

of his powers. This proved to be a life long attachment. Mr. Treadwell remained a member until his death. He was Recording Secretary from May, 1833 to May, 1839; Vice President from May 1852 to May, 1863; and a member of the Rumford Committee, the most important of the Standing Committees, from January, 1833 to May, 1863.

The Mayor of Boston, Hon. Josiah Quincy, appointed Mr. Treadwell, on March 11th, 1825, "a Commissioner to ascertain the practicability of supplying the city with good water for the domestic use of the inhabitants as well as for the extinguishing of fires, and for all the general purposes of comfort and cleanliness." The only water supply of the city was obtained at that time from wells, from rain-water collected in cisterns from the roofs of houses, and from Jamaica Pond through a wooden pipe about four inches in diameter. He suggested several sources and a distributing system, in his report with full estimates of cost in November. The estimated expense, \$500,000, was so large, that the project was dropped.

The Boston Mechanics' Institution was founded in 1826 for "the encouragement of a taste for the fine arts and the exact sciences among our operative mechanics and workingmen, as well as others." Dr. Bowditch was elected President, and Mr. Treadwell, the first of the three Vice-Presidents, in January, 1827. On the retirement of Dr. Bowditch in 1829, Mr. Treadwell succeeded him. He began a course of lectures in 1827 on practical subjects, especially the steam-engine, particularly adapted to the needs of the workingmen of Boston. It was repeated for several years with great success, the introductory lecture being delivered by a man of commanding talent. Daniel Webster, Justice Joseph Story of the Supreme Court of the United States, Edward Everett and other prominent men performed this service.

Always abreast and generally ahead of every important movement for industrial advantage, Mr. Treadwell

recognized at once the great potential value of the railways, which were now being constructed.

The first railway charter in Massachusetts was granted on March 4th, 1826, to the Granite Railway Company for the transportation of granite from the quarries in Quincy to tide-water. Surveys for the Boston and Lowell, Boston and Providence, and Boston and Albany were also in progress. On all these roads the horse was to be the motive power. This was the method already in use in England, and on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in this country. A double track was considered absolutely necessary. Before that eventful year was ended, Mr. Treadwell had originated and worked out a plan of conducting traffic on a single track, by collecting the cars in trains, starting at fixed times, and meeting and passing at determined points on turnouts. He published an account of his device in 1827, and in 1828, in public lectures exhibited a miniature railway, with trains operated in opposite directions and with different velocities.

It seems incredible that his simple device, which has long since been adopted by railroads and trolley lines, and which has made possible the building of single line roads of continental length, was rejected as impracticable. Mr. Treadwell presented his single track plan at an early meeting of the Massachusetts Railroad Association, which was organized in the winter of 1829, and was appointed, with two others, a Committee to report upon it. The report, "On the Practicability of Conducting Transportation on a single Set of Tracks," was written by him and presented in May, 1829. It is a classic in the annals of railway engineering. The ingenious but wholly imaginary difficulties, which are considered and replied to, are of the same order as the famous objection to the proposed railroad with smooth rails and smooth self-propelled driving wheels, that when the power was applied, the wheels would simply slip around on the rails and the train would stand still.

The Board of Directors condemned his plan as imprac-

licable. Two members of the Board, however, dissented, Nathan Hale, editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and David Moody, an eminent mechanic. Mr. Hale was President of the Boston and Worcester road, and that road was built on Mr. Treadwell's plan. Mr. Patrick T. Jackson adopted it for the Lowell road, of which he was President, and the Providence road was built in the same way. These roads were opened for travel in 1834.

The great success of George Stephenson's 'Rocket' in the competitive trial of locomotives in England in 1829 established steam as the motive power, and the steam locomotive was at once adopted here, and with it, Mr. Treadwell's plan of fixed times and regulated velocities.

In June, 1851, Hon. Nathan Hale, in an article on American Railroads in the Boston Daily Advertiser, of which he was still editor, compared them with the railroads in England. He pointed out the far more profitable return to the stockholders in this country, notwithstanding the far smaller population in proportion to territory, and with less than a fifth of the number of passengers per mile conveyed on the principal lines. He attributed the success of the American roads primarily to the adoption of the single track, "on all routes on which the amount of travel and business is insufficient for the support of a double track."

In the outset, as no such thing as a railroad with a single track for public use had been named in England, it was naturally imagined that double railroads would be essential to the success of any enterprise of the kind; but at an early period a gentleman, then of this city, to whose mechanical genius the public are indebted for a number of important improvements, and who since that period for many years filled with distinction the office of Rumford Professor in Harvard University (we allude to Mr. Daniel Treadwell now of Cambridge), first suggested the idea that a railroad for public accommodation might be constructed with a single track.

In 1828 Mr. Treadwell was appointed a member of the Board of Visitors at West Point, but the multiplicity of

his engagements made it impossible for him to accept. In the following year, and in 1830, he delivered a short course of lectures at Harvard University on the steam engine, railways, road-construction, etc. The University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1829: "*Virum Clarissimum Danielem Treadwell doctrina et artibus liberalibus omnibusque generosi animi affectibus imbutum.*"

Ever casting about for new devices to lighten hand labor and facilitate and cheapen production, he had made a study of rope-making, still performed almost exclusively by hand labor or by very crude machinery, and in 1828, he completed a machine, confessedly imperfect, for spinning hemp for rope making. He spent the greatest part of his time for the next seven years upon inventions that formed the subjects of five different operations and included patents for preparing and spinning the hemp and tarring the yarn. "These processes," he says, "which had been performed entirely by hand, were by my inventions transferred to automatic machines, with a vast saving in the cost of production and improvement in quality of manufacture."

His machine, which he called the "Gypsey," achieved immediate success. A spinning company was organized, a factory was built on the Mill Dam in 1832, and in 1833, the original company was merged in a larger corporation, the Boston Hemp Manufacturing Company, which carried on the work of making cordage about thirty years. Machines were installed in the Charlestown Navy Yard, and better rope was produced at half the cost. The rope-makers made strenuous opposition. Eventually four spinners from a neighboring rope walk made an application to be allowed to make a piece of rope in competition with the machine. The result was that the machine spun rope sustained a breaking strain of 1,469 pounds, the hand-spun breaking with a weight of 1,278 pounds. The cost of the hand-spinning was proved to be \$29.25 per ton of hemp, the machine, \$14.13.

The "Gypsey" attained world wide use, and has been ranked with Arkwright's spinning frame in perfection and utility, and as excelling it in ingenuity. The rope made by the Government for the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 was spun upon the machines in the Navy Yard at Charlestown and was exhibited as the best rope then made. Seventy-six of them were still in daily use in 1887, more than fifty years after they were built.

"In 1831," he records in his Autobiography, "being then in my fortieth year, I married Miss Adeline Lincoln, a daughter of Dr. Levi Lincoln of Hingham. She has been my faithful and devoted companion to the present time (1854) and I trust will be preserved to me to my end." His wish was gratified. Though she was thirteen years younger than her husband, their married life, though unblessed with children, was ideally affectionate and congenial.

From a neglected, motherless childhood, and a youth untaught in the schools, to a Professorship in Harvard University was a great stride. But this honor came to Mr. Treadwell in 1834, unsought but well deserved. By the will of Count Rumford a Professorship was endowed, the function of which was to teach, "by regular courses of academical and public lectures accompanied with proper experiments, the utility of the physical and mathematical sciences for the improvement of the useful arts and for the extension of the industry, prosperity, happiness and well-being of society." His somewhat imposing title was, the "Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts."

It may be believed that there was no man in the country so well fitted as he for this high position by his remarkable series of useful inventions, his enthusiasm for scientific research, and the fine culture, derived from a deep love of the best literature, and intimate companionship with men of education and refinement. Had the acceptance of the office involved cloistered seclusion in Cambridge,

and confinement to a stereotyped round of teaching and study, it would have been an unwise change of life for a man of such active temperament. But the service required was only the annual delivery of about forty lectures on the philosophy of the Arts, particularly those of practical importance in the business of life, two or more a week; the Corporation was ready to expend about five thousand dollars from the Rumford Fund in procuring an apparatus and collection of models of machinery; his ample private means rendered him independent of the meagre salary of eight hundred dollars; and although it was necessary that his residence should be in Cambridge, it was understood that in view of his receiving a salary less than the usual rate, he should have leave of absence when not engaged in lecturing, for the purpose of attending to engineering, or any branch of industry the pursuit of which would enable him to render his lectures more immediately practical and instructive. After mature deliberation he accepted the appointment.

To secure proper apparatus and fit himself more fully for his new work, he sailed for England in March, 1835. His letters, written during this period, are of great interest. He was fifteen years older than he was when he visited England for the first time. Comparing his letters of the former period with these, his growth in breadth of mind and maturity of judgment, his mental poise and balance, are agreeably manifest. Then he sat in judgment upon scholars, institutions, the nation itself. Now he sits admiringly at the feet of Faraday, Lardner, Richie and other lecturers at the Royal Institutions. He is amazed at Prof. Faraday's brilliant lecture on Sound, extemporized at a few hours' notice. He is greatly impressed with Babbage's calculating machine. Though he declared himself far more interested in iron-works and cotton-mills, than in water-falls, landscapes and pictures, and sought the society of engineers and scientists, he admits that he found great pleasure in the scenery of the Highlands; he found time for a visit to Abbotsford, and

at Stratford-on-Avon, where a five minute glance between the changes of horses satisfied him before, he spent several quiet hours.

Returning from England in the autumn of 1835, he began at once active preparation for his lectures. The work was congenial, and in line with earlier experiences, and his lectures on machines, the steam engine, water-wheels, railways, cotton-spinning and weaving were received with great favor. They were characterized by clearness, precision, facility in illustrations and experiments, and by fine literary finish.

Professor Treadwell's comment on the ten years he devoted to this educational work, indicates that he adapted himself easily to his new sphere.

I accepted this place rather against my inclinations, and with the suspicion that I was not exactly suited to it. I was a stranger to college life, its associations, customs, and traditions, unacquainted with some branches of learning, especially the ancient languages that form, and I believe very properly, a principal part of college study. But the courtesy and kindness of the Professors soon relieved me in a degree from the disagreements of my false position. Those whom I had not known, now became my friends, and I found myself in a Society more exclusively intelligent and gentlemanly than I had ever been connected with before.

He resigned his professorship in 1845. While in office, he was constantly engaged in other activities. In 1835 and 1836, he served as Chairman of a Commission to examine and determine the accuracy of the standard weights and measures of the Commonwealth. The year 1837 abounded in public services of the first magnitude. In March, he was again chosen Chairman of the Board of Commissioners to re-examine the sources and the best method of providing the city with pure water. Twenty sources were examined, including Lake Cochituate, Spot Pond, Mystic Pond and the Charles River. The examinations and recommendations of this Commission were not adopted at the time, but proved of great value in the final construction of the water works in 1848.

In the same year Professor Treadwell was solicited to take charge of the great work of laying out the Amoskeag Mills, building canals, erecting factory buildings and opening the great industry. This he declined, as demanding more time and labor than could be spared from his work at Cambridge.

Gore Hall, the new library building at Harvard, was about being built. The Corporation regarded the safeguarding of the library from destruction by fire, a matter of the highest importance. To solve this problem, the Corporation, by vote of January 19th, 1837, "requested Professor Treadwell to superintend the erection of the new library, with such assistance as he may require, a liberal compensation being allowed for his services." He not only devised a successful method of heating by steam, then used only in factories, but as the result of studies in building material, rejected the stone originally selected, and substituted granite from a Quincy quarry. He became convinced that in following the plan of King's College Chapel, the architect had erred in his calculations of the height of the towers, proportionate to the smaller size of the library. The architect and every member of the building committee were unconvinced, and the towers were built according to the original plans. When completed, the disproportion was obvious, and some years after they were shortened eight or ten feet.

Unconsciously to himself, Professor Treadwell had now come to the parting of the ways. Hitherto he had devoted himself with splendid abandon to furthering the arts of peace, the improvement of methods of manufacture, the development of the railway, the planning of water-works, the instruction of students and workmen in the useful arts. His printing press, his "Gypsy" rope-machine, his steam-engines, were noble contributions to human welfare. From the day he hammered out his first cup in the shop of the silver-smith, he had been an ingenious and active agent in advancing the comfort, the well-being and happiness of men. Now in the meridian of his powers, this lover of peace and friend of honest

toil, led by some strange perversity, turned to the devising of a weapon of destruction, the great implement of war, and the prolific source of human misery. Although our country was at peace with all the nations of the world, he became greatly interested in the construction of an improved cannon. As early as 1841, he had filed a caveat, which described a method of building up a series of steel rings, welded together, and reinforced by bands. He received a contract for four small cannon from the Government in 1842. Sanguine of success in the manufacture of cannon of any size, he had already built a factory and furnaces at the Mill Dam. Having secured his contract, he organized the "Steel Cannon Company." Unforeseen and exasperating difficulties and delays were met. "After about a year and a half," he says in his Autobiography, "of most devoted and exhausting labor and a very large outlay of money, I completed the six six-pounders to my satisfaction."

The cannon were delivered to the Government, proved by firing heavy charges, seemed to be incapable of bursting, but failed of only moderate approval by the authorities. It was urged that their extreme recoil made it impossible to use them on ship-board. The inventor replied by devising a gun carriage, which would absorb the recoil. But this was rejected as impracticable. The toil and anxiety due largely to this disappointing invention exhausted his strength, and led to his resignation of his professorship in 1845, as the task from which he could most easily escape.

The Mexican War began in June, 1845, but the Ordnance Department manifested no interest in his invention. Though a bill was reported to Congress in 1846, recommending the armament of some iron war steamers with Treadwell's wrought iron guns of at least twelve inch calibre, it failed of passage.

A voyage to England and France and conferences with the War Departments met with like failure. The buildings, erected by the Cannon Company in Brighton, were never occupied for the purpose intended, nor for any pur-

pose, except for a short time in 1848 as barracks for the volunteer soldiers of Massachusetts returning from the Mexican War. The machinery and tools, together with the buildings, were sold in 1855, the land in 1864, and the whole project ended with large loss to the Company. It was the most ambitious of Prof. Treadwell's ventures, and the most disappointing from the outset. It entailed a bitterness of soul, from which he never recovered. He wrote years afterward:

Although my cannon of 1845 was a complete success in all that related to its construction, it was an utter failure as regards its adoption by the Government. That it was successful as a construction, I have only to say that Sir W. Armstrong, twelve years after I was obliged to abandon it, and after learning, as I fully believe, the method by which I produced it, formed his rifle cannon upon the same plan, and I defy him now, with the whole patronage of the British government, to produce a more perfect gun so far as *strength, soundness and finish* are concerned, than I produced seventeen years ago by private means alone. I limit my boast to the above enumerated particulars, for as to Armstrong's inventions in rifling and breech-loading he deserves in my opinion, much credit for them, and I hope I shall be the last man to deny to another all that belongs to him.

The outbreak of the Civil War roused the hope, that at last the hour of success was at hand. In April, 1862, the State of Massachusetts was in need of guns for coast defense and applied to Prof. Treadwell to make them. A Commission was appointed and he agreed to manufacture one hundred large guns. The Commission and a Joint Committee of the Legislature reported favorably and recommended an appropriation. The appropriation was defeated in the Senate at its last reading on the last night of the session by a single vote, 18 to 17. Gov. John A. Andrew wrote the Secretary of War on May 7, 1862, invoking the attention of the National Government to this gun. "It was my intention," he continued, "to have caused the manufacture of a quantity of the "Treadwell Gun" under a resolve of the Legislature of Massachu-

setts; but by some misunderstanding, the *appropriation* failed in the Senate on the last night of the session, although a resolve authorizing me to spend half a million of dollars for the purpose had passed with no serious opposition."

The Ordnance Department considered Prof. Treadwell's proposition, but decided it was inexpedient to make a contract for so large an amount for an untried weapon. Writing to his friend, Phineas Dow, on February 5th, 1865, he says:

My lawsuit with Mr. Parrott has given me much labor and cost for the last three years. The testimony in this is now all taken and I shall in all probability obtain a trial in the coming March or April. My case seems to me and my lawyers a very strong one, but we cannot foresee the quirks of the law nor the caprices that may take the courts. . . . Should I fail in this suit, I shall at least establish full proof to the world that all the most important improvements in cannon that have been made for the last twenty-five years have been derived from me, and most of them reduced to practise by me.

Reverting to his life in Cambridge, Mrs. Treadwell wrote of their summers in most interesting fashion. Setting out in their "carryall," they drove about the country with no fixed plan, the Professor driving, Mrs. Treadwell reading aloud some interesting book, for hours at a time. Longer excursions took them to the Connecticut valley, and while returning from their holiday in 1843, they chanced upon "The Wayside Inn" in Sudbury. It proved so attractive and restful, that for four years afterward, until he went abroad, Professor Treadwell rarely missed spending Sunday there, driving out and back in the family carriage. For more than twenty years they spent their summers in this quiet retreat. Longfellow came often, and his poem, "The Wayside Inn," commemorates the brilliant group that gathered there. The poem is an idealized and unreal picture, in which Professor Treadwell figures as the theologian, but all were friends. Dr. Parsons, Monti and Professor Treadwell spent the whole

summer there, passing most of the day in the fields and woods or in long walks.

Winter brought the meetings of the Cambridge Scientific Club, for scientific, literary and social purposes. It was organized at the Treadwell home in November, 1842. It met twice a month in the houses of the members, and the member who entertained read a paper and provided a supper. Its membership was usually limited to twelve. No more brilliant company could have been assembled than that which gathered at these meetings, Louis Agassiz, Francis Bowen, Edward Everett, Asa Gray, Benjamin Pierce, Jared Sparks. Prof. Treadwell read some twenty papers, chiefly on practical themes, in the course of the succeeding twenty years. William Ellery Channing, Thaddeus M. Harris, and Judge Fay were warm friends for many years.

Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" was read by him with keen interest in 1860. Prof. Treadwell took part with his friend, Prof. Asa Gray, in a discussion on its bearing on theology and the argument from design, with an essay, "Is Darwin's Theory Atheistic or Pantheistic?"

He was seventy years old when the Civil War began, and his auguries were gloomy. He wrote on July 29th, 1861:

This state of things was in my mind, brought on by the Abolitionists (and I look upon all, or almost all, the Republicans here in Massachusetts at least, as Abolitionists in substance) more than by the Carolinians. We threw the first stone at the Constitution. But mad, mad is the word for both sides, and by this the country is divided, and never to be joined again. Mr. Longfellow is recovering from his severe burns, but Cambridge yet shudders at the thought of the poor lady.

Again, after the Mason and Slidell episode:

I do not see any way out of it. The Union split in two, and the Constitution gone! Alas for the great Republic! I have known this thirty years that it must come, but it has come at last, "like a thief in the night," and after all taken me by surprise. But why should a man of seventy

grieve for the few years that remain to him. Those that are coming forward in life will find some way to carry on the world that they will possess.

In May, 1865, Professor Treadwell declined re-election as Vice-President of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, an office to which he had been chosen annually for thirteen years. In November, the Academy awarded him the Rumford medals, in gold and silver, for his "Improvements in the Management of Heat."

The religious belief of a keen and strong mind, which has always dealt with the laws of matter and the certainties of scientific research is a matter of profound interest. In his young manhood, Prof. Treadwell wrote to his friend, Dr. John Ware, from London, on May 3d, 1820:

Your kind attention to my *Faith* deserves my gratitude. I consider the Christian's belief as of more value than anything else he can possess in this world; but from the peculiar construction of my mind I sadly fear that it is a treasure not for me. I shall certainly read Butler's Analogy, as you recommend. If I recollect rightly one of the Apostles, or some churchman, has said, "Lord, help my unbelief." Now if I could gain this by asking, I should ask loud and often. Still I hope that you do not put me down for an outright Deist, but merely a sceptic in religion. I would believe because I admire the character of Jesus Christ, and, more than all, because I think the immortality of the soul cannot be proved by natural religion, and there is something inexpressibly cold and gloomy in the bare idea of annihilation. I could almost as comfortably think of going to Purgatory as being annihilated.

The lapse of years brought no clearer light in this mysterious realm. He wrote to his intimate friend, Dr. Sweetser, in October, 1846, twenty-six years later than the London letter:

My health is better than it has been for some years, for which I most heartily thank God; whether he knows or cares about the thanks of such an insignificant atom is another thing. As to his having made any special interposition in my favor, I am not vain enough to believe it. But I have a feeling of gratitude that in the order of na-

ture, in my own organization I seem to be attaining a more sound state of health.

On looking over the above sentence, I doubt whether it is right,—whether my thanks or gratitude amount to anything like that deep feeling with which the heart is impressed toward another, who, we know, has labored for our benefit for the mere love of us. How difficult it is to read our own hearts, and how many, when they read their hearts aloud, read them falsely, although they suppose that God is hearing them!

We can read between the lines the working of a profoundly religious instinct, the almost involuntary and necessary acceptance of the Christian conception of God, the impulsive expression of gratitude to Him for the blessings of life, the sincere self-questioning as to whether the thanksgiving that sprang up spontaneously from the depths of his spiritual life had the reality of the gratitude we feel to those, whose love for us is revealed in material benefits. But for a full half century he had been in close contact with the exact and irresistible laws of Nature, by close inductive reasoning he had advanced from the known to the unknown or unrecognized ways of applying the forces of Nature; he had mastered mysteries, he had discovered secrets, he had harnessed material Force to his machines, but in the purely spiritual realm, he found mysteries he could not solve, a force he could not define or measure, a Being superior to human comprehension ever revealing yet ever hiding itself.

Twenty-two more years, and now in old age, in his seventy-eighth year, but with mind untouched by bodily infirmity, he wrote again to Dr. Sweetser, on November 4th, 1868:

I congratulate you also on the philosophical quiet of your mind, by which you wait the doom of *inexorable nature*. How much I should like to talk with you, as we did formerly, upon this subject, and its collateral *Pantheism*, and the probability of an actual though *immaterial existence* after this mortal life. But however much I should like to compare present thoughts and conclusions with you by the 'living voice,' I find myself altogether unable

to write about it. Doubt, doubt and still doubt. But all gravitating to the theory of development from simple attributes, properties or tendencies, inherent in *matter*, of the origin of which we can form no conception. The legitimate tendency of all this is, as it seems to me, the reception of Darwin's idea of the law of 'natural selection under the struggle of life,' and thus (the order or laws of nature being established of *necessity*) it becomes possible to conceive of the formation of both the material and of the organic or living world *without design*. Who that shall receive this conception as true,—and it seems to me that the whole tendency of the scientific discovery of the age is toward this theory of development—who, I say, that shall receive this will not find his mind sooner or later lean to the conclusion *that man*, or the human mind, is the highest self-conscious intelligence (or intellectual power) in the universe? . . .

His own mournfully repeated, "Doubt, doubt, and still doubt," was the sufficient answer to his own query. He could not be satisfied with the ultimate concept of a material universe, created, continued, ruled *without design*, and the mind of man "the insignificant atom," as he conceived himself to be, the *highest self-conscious intelligence*. . . .

His last years were spent quietly in his home at Cambridge within easy reach of the Harvard Observatory, of which his friend, Professor Joseph Winlock was Director, the Botanic Garden, presided over by Dr. Asa Gray, his intimate and beloved friend, the Harvard Library, and many homes, where he was always a welcome guest.

"Time passes quietly," he wrote to Dr. Sweetser, "but I cannot say that it goes happily. The want of success in my gun leaves a mark which it will be hard to rub out."

And yet he chose to keep three of the cannon of his manufacture on the grounds about his dwelling, a constant irritant of that old sore. How melancholy a spectacle of the utter incapacity of his strong, well-balanced mind, "the highest self-conscious intelligence in the universe," to master itself and attain serene peace of mind, unruffled by the failures of life!

He died on February 26th, 1872, in the eighty-first year of his age. The tribute of Dr. Sweetser is sufficient eulogy:

I became acquainted with him, to the best of my remembrance, when a medical student, about the year 1816. I knew him as a profound thinker, close reasoner, a kind friend, noble, true and generous in all his impulses. He was critical by nature, but he always aimed at what he believed to be truth and justice. For no advantage would he deviate one jot from what he viewed the right and honorable path. Like others, he was ambitious, but his ambition was of the worthiest character. The closer our intimacy with him, the higher did we esteem him. Though he might sometimes appear cold and reserved to a stranger, yet to his friends he was ever free and warm-hearted. At that early period, we, his friends, held him in high esteem and respect for his great scientific attainments, and his intellectual superiority, which we did not hesitate to acknowledge. I became greatly attached to him at that time, and that attachment has never met with any interruption. . . . No one could surpass him for the strict justice of his character. Truth seemed a part of his nature. . . . He lived to more than the common age allotted to man, and died honored and respected, without a blot on the purity of his character.

For many years before his death, Professor Treadwell had cherished the plan of establishing and endowing a free public library in Ipswich. He purchased, as the site of the proposed building, the lot on the corner of South Main and Elm Streets, now occupied by the Savings Bank on August 7th, 1860. In his Will, drawn on November 7th, 1863, after bequests to his wife, and nephew, Dr. Sweetser and Dr. Parsons, he further devised:

I give, devise and bequeath to my native Town of Ipswich . . . all my real estate situated in the said Town, to have and to hold the same forever—the income whereof, together with the sum of Four Thousand dollars, which I hereby give and bequeath to the said Town for the same purpose, shall be appropriated by the said Town for the purpose of founding a library, to contain a collection of the standard works of the best authors, Ancient and Modern, but to the exclusion of the cheap literature and party newspapers of the day, for the use of the Inhabitants of Ipswich and the neighboring towns.

And it is my wish that the building for the said Library shall be erected upon the land purchased by me near

"the Stone Bridge," a few years since, that it shall be made fireproof, and used exclusively for the purposes of a Library.

He directed that his books should be given to the library, except such as his wife may prefer to keep or give away as mementos.

It is also my will that my wife shall have and use all my pictures, but that at her decease, five of the copies in oil of pictures of famous Italian Painters shall be given to the Town of Ipswich to be placed in the Library above provided for.

And I further desire that all my papers and manuscripts not necessary for the settlement of my estate shall be deposited in the said Library in the Town of Ipswich.

At the decease of his wife, he instructed his executors to divide the residue of his estate into five equal parts, which should be distributed to Harvard College, for the use of the library, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Boston Athenaeum, the Boston Public Library and the Town of Ipswich for the library. He expressed the desire that the Trustees of the Boston Public Library should visit and inspect the Ipswich Library, and its accounts of the estate, real and personal, to see whether the plan of the founder was being realized. He authorized his executors to continue any existing law suit, or institute a new suit for the establishment of his rights connected with his improvement in cannon.

Prof. Treadwell's bequest for a Public Library in Ipswich would have been wholly inadequate to accomplish his purpose. Fortunately for the Town, Augustine Heard Esq., as already stated, now planned the same gift. . . .

The lot occupied by the old Moses Treadwell homestead was secured in July, 1865, and, after the buildings had been removed, Mr. Heard erected the excellent library building and installed a library. It was a keen disappointment to Prof. Treadwell no doubt, that his long cherished plan was thus anticipated, but he adjusted himself wisely to the new situation. After consultation with

the Trustees, who held the Augustine Heard trust, he added a codicil to his will, by which the original bequest was withdrawn, and his legacy added to the endowment already provided.

CODICIL TO WILL OF PROF. TREADWELL.

Whereas in my said will I made certain devises and bequests to the town of Ipswich for the establishment, erection and endowment of a free public library in said town, and said devises and bequests and some of my directions in said will in regard to them have been superseded or rendered inexpedient by the erection of a building for such a library by my friend the late Augustine Heard, which building with the books and funds given by him for the endowment of said library he has placed in the charge of Trustees;—and preferring as I do to co-operate with what he has done for the establishment and support of such an institution in our native town rather than to require or authorize another institution of similar character in said town:

Therefore to the end that what I had in said will proposed giving to said Town for the establishment of a free public library therein may be most usefully, economically and harmoniously applied to such purpose and for the greater advantage of the community, for whose benefit said bequests were intended, I do hereby revoke and annul all the devises and bequests in my said will made to the town of Ipswich for the establishment, erection, endowment and support of a public library therein.

And I hereby give and devise all the lands and real estate and all the books, pictures, sums of money and other things mentioned in said revoked devises and bequests, to a board of Trustees, which shall consist of the trustees of the present public library in said town, together with the Pastor of the First Parish and the Master of the Grammar School in said town, and of their successors in said offices: said trustees to have and hold the

same in trust for the further endowment and support of a free public library in the town of Ipswich.

* * *

And they are to manage, dispose of and apply said property and lands and the income thereof for the support, increase and extension of said library.

June 26, 1869.

Mr. George Haskell, the Treasurer of the Treadwell Fund, resigned his office as Trustee and Treasurer in August, 1894. He made a financial statement to the Trustees at that time, which showed that the Library had received from Prof. Treadwell's estate:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| The legacy in money | \$4,000 00 |
| Proceeds of the sale of pasture land | 3,702 84 |
| Proceeds of the sale of the house and lot he bought for a library site | 2,950 00 |
| One fifth of the residue, in stocks | 5,579 00 |
| Cash at various times from the Executor | 6,453 09 |
| | <hr/> \$22,684 93 |

The Treadwell fund, with the balance of accrued interest, was then \$31,547.28.

The Library had also received from the estate:

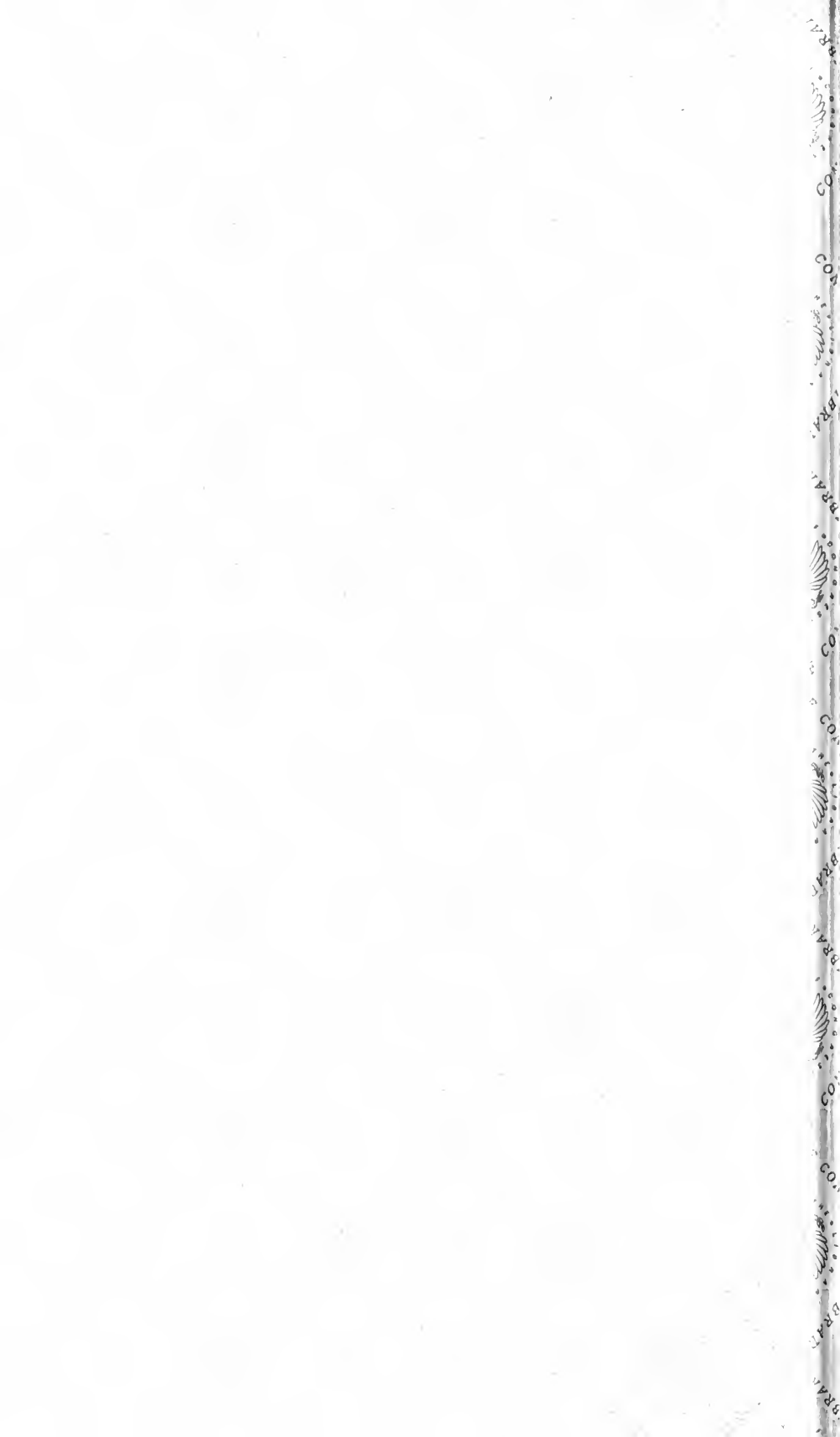
300 volumes from his private library, 2 boxes of drawings, manuscripts and other papers, 4 paintings, copies in oil, a silver porringer, 2 silver teaspoons and a portrait of the donor. The Rumford medals have since come into the possession of the Library.

From the beginning the income of the Treadwell fund has been appropriated chiefly for the purchase of books. Thus the benevolent design of Prof. Treadwell has been accomplished in a larger degree than would have been possible had his original plan been carried out.

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